THE LEADERS OF THE ENGLISH PRE-RAPHAELITES

HOLMAN HUNT
ROSSETTI · MILLAIS

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T. LEMAN HARE

MILLAIS

In the Same Series

Artist.	Author.
VELAZQUEZ.	S. L. Bensusan.
REYNOLDS.	S. L. Bensusan.
TURNER.	C. Lewis Hind.
ROMNEY.	C. Lewis Hind.
GREUZE.	Alys Eyre Macklin.
BOTTICELLI.	Henry B. Binns.
ROSSETTI.	Lucien Pissarro.
BELLINI.	George Hay.
FRA ANGELICO.	James Mason.
REMBRANDT.	Josef Israels.
LEIGHTON.	A. Lys Baldry.
RAPHAEL.	Paul G. Konody.
HOLMAN HUNT.	Mary E. Coleridge.
TITIAN.	S. L. Bensusan.
MILLAIS.	A. Lys Baldry.
CARLO DOLCI.	George Hay.
GAINSBOROUGH.	Max Rothschild.
LUINI.	James Mason.
TINTORETTO.	S. L. Bensusan.

Others in Preparation.

PLATE I.—THE ORDER OF RELEASE. Frontispiece

(Tate Gallery)

This is one of the pictures which Millais always reckoned among the greatest of all his successes, and that it has many notable qualities which justify his preference can certainly not be denied. It is wonderful in its earnest and thoughtful realism, and it explains its motive with a completeness that is most convincing. The expression on the face of the woman who brings the order which frees her husband from prison is singularly happy in its combination of tenderness for the wounded Highlander, and triumph over the hesitating gaoler; and there are many other little touches, like the joyous effusiveness of the dog, and the unconsciousness of the sleeping child, which amplify and perfect the pictorial story.

Millais

BY A. LYS BALDRY ❀ ❀ ❀

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AS a record of some half century of brilliant activity, and of practically unbroken success, the life-story of John Everett Millais is in many respects unlike those which can be told about the majority of artists who have played great parts in the modern art world. He

had none of the hard struggle for recognition, or of the fight against adverse circumstances, which have too often embittered the earlier years of men destined to take eventually the highest rank in their profession. Things went well with him from the first; he gained attention at an age when most painters have barely begun to make a bid for popularity, and his position was assured almost before he had arrived at man's estate. He owed some of his success, no doubt, to his attractive and vigorous personality, but it was due in far greater measure to the extraordinary powers which he manifested from the very outset of his career.

For there was something almost sensational in the manner of his development, in his unusual precocity, and in the youthful

PLATE II.—THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH

(Tate Gallery)

It would not be inappropriate to describe the "Boyhood of Raleigh" as the prologue to the romance of which the last chapter is written in the "North-West Passage," for in both pictures the artist suggests the fascination of the adventurous life. Young Raleigh and his boy friend are under the spell of the story which the sailor is telling them, a story evidently of engrossing interest and stimulating to the imagination. The faces of the lads show how inspiring they find this tale of strange experiences in lands beyond the sea.

self-confidence which enabled him to take a prominent place among the leaders of artistic opinion while he was still little more than a boy. So early was the proof given that he possessed absolutely uncommon powers, that he was not more than nine years old when he began serious art training; and so evident even then was his destiny that this training was commenced on the advice of Sir Martin Archer Shee, the President of the Royal Academy, to whom the child's performances had been submitted by parents anxious for an expert opinion. The President's declaration when he saw these early efforts, that "nature had provided for the boy's success," was emphatic enough to dissipate any doubts there might have been whether or not young Millais was to be encouraged in his

artistic inclinations; and that this emphasis was justified by subsequent results no one to-day can dispute.

The family from which Millais sprang was not one with any past record of art achievement. His ancestors were men of action and inclined rather to be fighters than students of the arts. They were Normans who had settled in Jersey, and had for several hundred years been counted among the more important landholders in that island, where at different times they held several estates. From these ancestors Millais derived his energetic temperament and that militant activity which enabled him in his career as an artist to triumph signally over established prejudices — the qualities which undoubtedly helped him to make his power felt even

by the people who were most opposed to him.

He was born on June 8th, 1829, at Southampton, where his parents were temporarily living, but his earliest years were spent in Jersey. It was in 1835 that he began to show definitely his artistic inclinations; he was at Dinan then with his parents and he amused himself there by making sketches of the country and people with success so remarkable that even strangers did not hesitate to recognise him as a budding genius. Three years later this estimate was confirmed by Sir Martin Archer Shee, and the boy was then sent to work at the art school which Henry Sass carried on in Bloomsbury, a school which had at that time a considerable reputation as a training place for art students, and in

which most of the early Victorian painters received their preliminary education.

Soon after he entered this school Millais gave a very striking proof of his precocious ability—he gained the silver medal of the Society of Arts for a drawing of the antique, and an amusing story is told of the sensation he created when he appeared at the prize-giving to receive his award. The Duke of Sussex was presiding at the meeting, and to his amazement, when the name of "Mr Millais" was called, a small child presented himself as the winner of the medal. To amazement succeeded admiration when a consultation with the officials of the Society proved that this boy of nine was really the successful competitor, and the presentation was received with great applause by the spectators of the scene.

After two years' work under Sass, with some study in the British Museum in addition, he was admitted into the schools of the Royal Academy, and, though his age then was only eleven, he began almost immediately to prove how well he could hold his own in this new sphere of activity. During the six years over which his studentship at the Academy extended he won every prize for which he competed, and carried off finally the gold medal for historical painting with a picture of "The Tribe of Benjamin Seizing the Daughters of Shiloh." This was in 1847; in the previous year he had made his first appearance as an exhibitor at the Academy with an ambitious composition, "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru," which is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. His most

ambitious effort at this period was, however, the design, "The Widow Bestowing her Mite," which he produced in 1847 for the Westminster Hall competition, a vast canvas crowded with life-sized figures which was remarkable enough to have made the reputation of a far older and more experienced painter.

So far his progress had been without interruption. The rare brilliancy of his student career had gained him the fullest approval of his fellow-workers in art, and he was beginning his career as a producer with every prospect of becoming immediately one of the most popular artists of his time. Everything was in his favour; he had undeniable ability, good health, and an attractive personality, and he had proved in many ways that, young as he was, he

could handle large undertakings with sound judgment and complete confidence. Yet, with what seemed to be his way smooth before him, he did not hesitate to risk his already assured position in the art world by setting himself openly in opposition to the opinions of practically all the men who were then counted as the leaders of his profession. That he knew what might be the penalty he would have to pay for this rebellion against the fashion of the moment can scarcely be doubted, but he was by nature too strenuous a fighter to be daunted by dangerous possibilities, and his convictions, once formed, were always too strong to yield to any considerations of expediency.

In 1848, he and two friends of about his own age, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and

William Holman Hunt, conceived the idea of making a practical protest against the inefficiency of the work which was being done by the more popular artists of the time. The three youths had come under the influence of Ford Madox Brown, who with splendid sincerity was labouring to realise an ideal based not upon fashion, but upon an earnest desire for truthful expression, and by his example they were induced to study a purer type of art than any they could see about them. For this purer art they turned to the works of the Italian Primitives, whose childlike unconventionality and unhesitating naturalism touched a responsive chord in the natures of these youths who still retained some of the simple faith in reality which is one of the charms of childhood. They decided

PLATE III.—THE KNIGHT ERRANT

(Tate Gallery)

It is generally recognised that the effective representation of the nude figure imposes the severest test not only upon an artist's powers of drawing and painting but upon his sense of æsthetic propriety as well. The "Knight Errant" proves beyond dispute that Millais was able to pass this test triumphantly, for the picture is a magnificent technical achievement and is absolutely discreet in treatment. The subject, a lady rescued from robbers by a wandering knight, is one which occurs frequently in mediæval romance.

that for the future they would base their own practice upon that of the early Italians, and that they would have none of the artificialities of the age in which they found themselves. Their resolve was a bold one, but the manner in which they proceeded to make it effective was bolder still.

They organised an association, the title of which, "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," significantly asserted the nature of their artistic aims, and as the founders of this association they pledged themselves to seek the inspiration of their art in those Italian painters who had lived before Raphael was born, and whose sterling principles were abandoned by Raphael and his successors. To the three founders of the Brotherhood were joined two other painters, James Collinson, and F. G.

Stephens, a sculptor, Thomas Woolner and Dante Gabriel Rossetti's brother, William Michael, who, being a writer, was given the office of secretary. The Brotherhood, so constituted, was formally inaugurated in the autumn of 1848, and the members at once set to work to prove by their acts the reality of their belief in the creed they had adopted.

The first fruits of the movement were seen in the following spring at the Academy where Millais, who was then, it must be remembered, not quite twenty, exhibited his "Lorenzo and Isabella," a picture striking in its originality and in its unusual power. What it implied was not, however, immediately realised by the public; that the manner of the painting made it very unlike those by which it was surrounded

was generally recognised, but most people, if they thought about the matter at all, seem to have assumed that the painter had failed to bring himself into line with the art of his time through youthful inexperience rather than by deliberate intention. Time and practice, they considered, would correct such deficiencies in taste as were apparent in the "Lorenzo and Isabella," and when the lad had arrived at years of discretion he would be the first to see the necessity for amendment.

But the members of the Brotherhood, probably feeling that their initial effort had not produced quite the effect intended, took other steps to define their attitude. They started, in January 1850, a magazine called *The Germ*, which was proffered as the organ of the new movement. It

was sufficiently uncompromising in its confession of faith, and neither its text nor its illustrations were wanting in clearness of statement. The magazine, indeed, was what it was intended to be, an open challenge to all the advocates of the old order of things; and as such it was taken by the people who saw it. It was only in existence for four months, but even in that short time it did its work thoroughly, and put an end to any doubts there were in the minds of art lovers and art workers concerning the meaning of Pre-Raphaelitism; thenceforward Millais and his friends had certainly no reason to complain of being ignored.

The attention which was given to the pictures they sent to the 1850 Academy exhibition was, however, by no means what

they desired, though, doubtless, it must have been much what they expected. Millais exhibited a "Portrait of a Gentleman and his Grandchild," "Ferdinand Lured by Ariel," and "Christ in the House of His Parents" — better known as "The Carpenter's Shop"—and these visible embodiments of the principles laid down in *The Germ* were received with an absolute storm of abuse. The audacity of the young painters who sought by works of this character to discredit the smug and artificial respectability of the art which was then in vogue excited the critics beyond control and brought forth a veritable orgie of virulent expostulation.

Millais, with his mind made up and his fighting instinct fully roused, was not the man to yield to clamour. He made no con-

cessions, but, loyally supporting the policy of the Brotherhood, showed at the Academy in 1851 "The Woodman's Daughter," "Mariana in the Moated Grange," and "The Return of the Dove to the Ark," all of which were as frank in their Pre-Raphaelitism as any of the previous year's canvases, and all of which were greeted with even more vehement disapproval by the literary custodians of the popular taste. Every possible kind of misrepresentation of the aims of the young painter and his friends was employed to discredit their efforts, all sorts of base motives were imputed to them; ridicule, specious argument, and insult were used in turn to drive them from the course they had deliberately chosen. Appeals were even made to the Academy to have the pictures, round

which this controversy was raging, removed summarily from the exhibition as things unfit to be set before the eyes of the public. But fortunately the courage of the Brotherhood was proof against everything which the opposition could do, and neither abuse nor threats had any effect. Yet Millais at the time suffered for his principles; paintings which had been commissioned were thrown upon his hands, and his pictures almost ceased to be saleable. He had every proof that his Pre-Raphaelitism was commercially a mistake and that, if he persisted, the absolute marring of his career as a popular painter, was more than likely, yet, so stubborn was his conviction that he made no change in either his principles or his practice.

Happily, as time went on, the position

of affairs began to improve; the opposition exhausted itself by excess of violence, and able champions of the movement took up the cudgels in defence of the young artists. One of the most authoritative of these champions was Ruskin, who found in this apparently forlorn hope infinite possibilities of artistic progress, and whose declaration that the Pre-Raphaelites were laying "the foundations of a school of art nobler than the world has seen for three hundred years" generously expressed his sentiments towards the Brotherhood. He took the trouble to study their art, and to analyse their motives, so that he based his advocacy not upon vague sympathy but upon real understanding of artistic principles which were sane and sound enough to satisfy even his exacting demand for purity of æsthetic

PLATE IV.—AUTUMN LEAVES

(Manchester Art Gallery)

As an example of the quiet and unforced sentiment which characterises so many of the pictures which Millais painted, this delightful composition deserves particular consideration. It has a certain severity of design and solemnity of manner, but in its suggestion of the sadness of autumn there is no trace of morbid sentimentality and no kind of theatrical effect. The picture is a sort of allegory expressed with exquisite tenderness, and with a simple frankness of manner which is especially persuasive.

purpose. That the ultimate success of Pre-Raphaelitism was due to his energetic interposition cannot, of course, be claimed—the boldness and tenacity of the artists who had adopted the new creed had more to do with the improvement which was brought about in the popular attitude—but Ruskin's counter attack upon the critics had a valuable effect, and undoubtedly helped greatly to open the eyes of the public.

It is interesting, too, to note that just at the moment when the attack was fiercest the Royal Academy showed its faith in Millais by electing him an Associate. He is said to have been the youngest student ever received into the Academy schools, and he must have been one of the youngest painters ever chosen as an Associate, for after his election it was discovered that he

had not reached the age at which, under the Academy rules, admission to the Associateship was possible. So his election had to be declared invalid and he had to wait some few years longer—until 1853—for the official recognition of his claims. But it must assuredly be counted to the credit of the Academy that such readiness should have been shown to admit the ability of a young artist who was openly in rebellion against the fashions of his time, and whose work was by implication a condemnation of much that was being done even by members of the Academic circle.

His election in 1853 came more as a matter of course; by that date he had won his way to a position which could scarcely be questioned even by the bitterest opponents of Pre-Raphaelitism, and he had

laid securely the foundations of that remarkable popularity which he was destined to enjoy for the rest of his life. It would have been hard, indeed, to deny that he deserved whatever rewards were due to artistic merit of the highest order, for his pictures had passed well beyond the stage of brilliant promise into that of commanding achievement. His "Ophelia" and "The Huguenot" in 1852, his "Order of Release" and "The Proscribed Royalist" in 1853, and his exquisite "Portrait of Mr. Ruskin" in 1854, are to be accounted as masterly performances which would have done full credit to a painter whose skill had been matured by more than half a lifetime of strenuous effort, and which, as the productions of a young man who did not reach his twenty-fifth birthday until the summer

of 1854, are of really extraordinary importance. The "Ophelia," "The Huguenot," and "The Order of Release," can be placed, indeed, among the most memorable expositions of his artistic conviction, and the "Portrait of Mr. Ruskin" ranks with the "Ophelia" as one of the most astonishing examples of searching and faithful study which can be found in modern art.

These pictures were followed closely by others not less notable—by "The Rescue" in 1855, by "Autumn Leaves," "The Random Shot," "The Blind Girl," and "Peace Concluded," in 1856, and by "Sir Isumbras at the Ford," "The Escape of a Heretic," and "News from Home," in 1857. Of this group "Sir Isumbras at the Ford" was the least successful, but "Autumn Leaves," with its exquisite delicacy of sentiment, and those

PLATE V.—SPEAK! SPEAK!

(Tate Gallery)

To the man who has loved and lost, the vision of his lady appearing to him as he lies awake at dawn seems so real and living that he begs her to speak to him, and stretches out his arms to clasp what is after all only a creation of his imagination. The dramatic feeling of the picture is as convincing as its pathos; the painter has grasped completely the possibilities of his subject, and he tells his story with just the touch of mystery needed to give it due significance. The management of the light and shade, and of the contrast between the warm lamplight and the greyness of the early morning, is full of both power and subtlety.

two delightful little canvases, "The Blind Girl," and "The Random Shot," are of supreme interest both on account of the depth of thought which they reveal and of their splendid executive accomplishment.

Another great picture appeared in 1859 —"The Vale of Rest," which differed from most of the works which Millais had hitherto produced in its larger qualities of handling and more serious symbolism. Its special importance was not fully realised by the artist's admirers when it was first exhibited, but Millais himself looked upon it as the best thing he had done; and this opinion has since been generally recognised as sufficiently well founded. He had not before shown so much solemnity of feeling nor quite so complete a grasp of the larger pictorial essentials, though in "Autumn

Leaves" there was decidedly more than a hint of the seriousness of purpose which gave authority and dignity of style to "The Vale of Rest."

There was at this time a change coming over his art, a change which suggested that the stricter limits of Pre-Raphaelitism were a little too narrow for him now that his youthful enthusiasms were being replaced by the more tolerant ideas of mental maturity. But he was in no haste to abandon his earlier principles; he sought rather to find how they might be widened to cover artistic motives which scarcely came within the scope of the creed to which the Brotherhood had originally been pledged. So he alternated between the literalism of "The Black Brunswicker" (1860), "The White Cockade" (1862), "My

First Sermon" (1863), "My Second Sermon" (1864), and "Asleep" and "Awake," which were shown in 1867 with that daintiest of all his earlier paintings, "The Minuet," and the sombre suggestion of such imaginative pictures as "The Enemy Sowing Tares," and the finely conceived "Eve of St. Agnes," of which the former was exhibited at the Academy in 1865, and the latter in 1863. It seemed as if he was trying to make up his mind as to the direction he was to take for the future, testing his powers in various ways, and studying himself to see how his wishes and his temperament could best be brought into accord.

But when in 1868 he broke into the new art world in which he was to reign supreme for nearly thirty years, his abandonment of the technical methods which he had adopted

in 1849, and used ever since with comparatively little modification, was as decisive as it was surprising. In 1867 he was the careful, searching, and literal student of small details, precise in brushwork, and exactly realistic in his record of what he had microscopically examined. His "Asleep" and "Awake" were in his most matter-of-fact vein, almost pedantically accurate in statement of obvious facts; and even his charming "Minuet" was elaborated with a care that left nothing for the imagination to supply. In 1868, however, all this dwelling upon little things, all this studied minuteness of touch and literal presentation of what was obvious, had suddenly disappeared. All that remained to him of his Pre-Raphaelitism was the acuteness of vision which had served him so well for

twenty years in his intimate examination of nature; everything else had gone, his minute actuality was replaced by large and generous suggestion, his restrained brush-work by the broadest and most emphatic handling, his realistic view by a kind of magnificent impressionism which expressed rightly enough the personal robustness of the man himself.

What made this change the more dramatic was the absence of any suggestion in his previous work that he was preparing for an executive departure of such a marked kind. A diversion into a new class of subjects, or an inclination towards a more serious type of sentiment, might perhaps have been looked for from the painter of "The Vale of Rest," "The Enemy Sowing Tares," and "The Eve of St. Agnes,"

but even in the larger manner of these pictures, there was little to imply that he desired to adopt a new mode of painting. But if the "Souvenir of Velazquez," "Stella," "The Pilgrims to St. Paul's," and "The Sisters," which he contributed to the 1868 Academy, are compared with what he had done before, the full significance of his action can be perceived.

The "Souvenir of Velazquez," indeed, is one of the most decisive pieces of fluent brushwork which has been produced by any modern painter of the British school. It is entirely convincing in its directness and in its summariness of executive suggestion, and as a masterly performance it is by no means unworthy to stand beside the works of that master to whom it was in some sort designed as a tribute. But

it has a peculiarly English charm which Millais grafted with happy discretion on to the technical manner of the Spanish school, and as a study of childish grace it is almost inimitably persuasive. The little princesses whom Velazquez painted were too often robbed of their daintiness by the formality of the surroundings in which it was their misfortune to be placed, but the child in this picture by Millais has lost none of her freshness, and, with all her finery, is still a happy, young, little thing, ready for a romp as soon as the sitting is over. In the long series of fascinating studies of child-life which he painted with quite exquisite sympathy, this one claims a place of particular prominence on account of its beauty of characterisation, and its entire absence of affectation, quite as

much as it does on account of its qualities as a consummate exercise in craftsmanship.

This was the canvas which he finally decided to hand over to the Academy as his diploma work. He had been promoted to the rank of Academician in 1863, and his intention then was to be represented in the Diploma Gallery by "The Enemy Sowing Tares," which he regarded as in every way a sound example of his powers. But his fellow-Academicians, for some not very intelligible reason, did not agree with him about the suitability of this picture, and it was, therefore, refused. So he sent them the "Souvenir of Velazquez" instead, a fortunate choice, for it brought permanently into a quasi-public gallery what is indisputably an achievement worthy of him at his best.

PLATE VI.—THE VALE OF REST

(Tate Gallery)

None of the pictures which can be assigned to the period when Millais was still a strict adherent to the Pre-Raphaelite creed can be said to surpass "The Vale of Rest" in depth and purity of feeling; and certainly none expresses better in its character and manner of treatment the artist's conception. The same exquisite sentiment, sincere and dignified, which distinguishes "Autumn Leaves" gives to "The Vale of Rest" an absorbing interest; and the way in which every detail of the composition and every subtlety in the arrangement and expression of the subject have been used to enhance the effect which the artist intended to produce, claims unqualified admiration.

Once started on his new direction as a painter he went forward with unhesitating confidence in his ability to realise his intentions, and as the years passed by he added picture after picture to the already large company of his successes. His admirers, surprised as they were at first by his startling change of manner, did not hesitate to accept what he had to offer; indeed the splendid vigour of his work brought him an immediate increase of popularity, and he was thenceforth recognised at home and abroad as one of the most commanding figures in the whole array of British art, as a leader whose authority was not to be questioned.

In 1869 he exhibited his portrait of "Nina, Daughter of F. Lehmann, Esq.," "The Gambler's Wife," a "Portrait of Sir

John Fowler," and "Vanessa," a companion picture to his "Stella;" and in 1870 "A Widow's Mite," "The Boyhood of Raleigh," and "The Knight Errant," with some other works of less importance. The portrait of Miss Lehmann is one of the pictures upon which his reputation most securely rests, admirable in its technical quality and its observation of character; and among the others "The Boyhood of Raleigh," and "The Knight Errant," are worthiest of attention because they are treated with great distinction, and have in large measure that interest which always results from judicious interpretation of a well-selected subject.

"The Boyhood of Raleigh," especially, is to be considered on account of its possession of a certain dramatic sentiment

which might easily have been made theatrical by an artist less surely endowed with a sense of fitness. But it tells its story with charm and conviction, and there is in the action of the figures, and in the expressions on the faces, just the right degree of vitality needed to make clear the pictorial motive. "The Knight Errant" is, perhaps, less significant as a piece of invention, but it has a distinct place in the artist's list of achievements, because it affords one of the few instances of his treatment of the nude figure on a large scale. It proves plainly enough that his avoidance of subjects of this class was not due to any inability on his part to succeed as a flesh painter, for this figure is beautiful both in colour and handling; it is more probable that the classic formality and con-

ventionality which public opinion in this country requires in the representation of the nude did not appeal to a man with his love of actuality and sincere regard for nature's facts. Indeed, from the standpoint of the decorative figure painter—of men like Leighton, or Albert Moore, for instance—the woman that Millais has represented is too frankly unidealised, too modern in type, and too realistically feminine.

But in this disregard of convention there is a kind of summing up of his beliefs as an artist. Though he had changed the outward aspect of his art he was still in spirit a Pre-Raphaelite, and a Pre-Raphaelite he remained to the end of his days. He depended more upon the keenness of vision natural to him, and

assiduously cultivated by years of close observation, than upon what powers he may have had of abstract imagining; and he sought to only a limited extent to set down upon his canvas those mental images which satisfy men who look upon nature chiefly as a basis for decorative designs. The mental image with him was a direct reflection of fact, not an adaptation modified and formalised in accordance with recognised rules, not a fancy more or less remotely referable to reality; but he had certainly an ample equipment of that taste which enables the painter to discriminate between the realities which are too crude and obvious to be worth recording, and those which by their inherent beauty claim a permanent place in an artist's memory. He had, too, the judgment to see that the

nude, treated as it would have to be to satisfy his æsthetic conscience, would be too plainly stated to be entirely acceptable.

He found a much more appropriate field for the exercise of his particular capacities by turning to landscape painting. Many of his earlier figure compositions had been given backgrounds which showed how well he could manage the complex details of masses of tangled vegetation, or the broad and simple lines of a piece of rural scenery; but in 1871 he attempted for the first time a landscape which was complete in itself and not merely incidental in a picture mainly concerned with human interest. This landscape, "Chill October," was at the Academy with his "Yes or No?" "Victory, O Lord," "A Somnambulist," and the

"Portrait of George Grote," and it was welcomed by a host of admirers as a new revelation of his versatility. It has certainly qualities which justify the estimation in which it was and is still held; and though it lacks that imaginative insight into poetic subtleties which accounts for so much in the work of a master like Turner, it must always claim the respect of art lovers as a large, dignified, and sincere study of nature in one of her sadder moods. It is the reserve of the picture, its reticent realism, that chiefly makes it memorable, for it is neither imposing in subject nor striking in effect; but in its broad simplicity there is something rarely fascinating.

Other nature studies of the same character followed at brief intervals during the

next few years; they added to the interest of the artist's practice, but they can scarcely be said to have equalled in importance the portraits and figure subjects which he completed at this stage of his career. Millais was, of course, far too great a master to have failed in any branch of artistic practice to which he seriously devoted himself, but the very capacities which made him so successful as a painter of the human subject prevented him from looking at open-air nature with the necessary degree of abstraction. The physical character of a piece of scenery, its details and individual peculiarities, he could record with absolute certainty, though the elusive subtleties of atmosphere, and the charming accidents of illumination, which mean so much in the poetic rendering of landscape, he

PLATE VII.—OPHELIA

(Tate Gallery)

Realism more searching and more significant than that which Millais sought for and attained in this small canvas would hardly come within the bounds of possibility. But the picture is much more than a simple study of facts; it has an exquisite charm of poetic feeling, and it is conceived with a full measure of the tenderness needed in a representation of the most pathetic of all Shakespeare's heroines. Such a work has a place, definite and indisputable, among the classics of art, and counts as one of the chief masterpieces of the British School.

dwelt upon hardly at all. In many of his landscapes the breadth and dignity, the accurate relation of part to part, the fascinating simplicity of manner, which are among the greater merits of "Chill October," can be praised without reservation or hesitation; but the touch of fantasy, of actual unreality, by which the inspired landscape painter seems to suggest more truly the real spirit of nature, he hardly ever attempted; and never, it may fairly be said, with complete success.

The years over which his activity as an exponent of pure landscape extended are, however, memorable because they saw the production of some of the most triumphant achievements of his maturer life. With his two landscapes, "Flowing to the Sea," and "Flowing to the River," he exhibited

in 1872 his "Hearts are Trumps," a portrait group which has become a modern classic; and in 1873 another wonderful portrait, the three-quarter length of "Mrs. Bischoffsheim." But it was in 1874 that he showed what is in many ways the greatest of all his paintings, "The North-West Passage," a work which, if he had done nothing else of moment, would suffice to place him securely among the master painters of the world. The head of the old man, who is the central figure in the picture, is entirely magnificent, and there is much besides in this canvas which would have been beyond the reach of any one but an artist of almost abnormal power. This was followed in 1875 by his portrait of "Miss Eveleen Tennant," and in 1877 by the "Yeoman of the Guard," which runs

"The North-West Passage" close in the race for supremacy.

At this time, indeed, his productiveness was extraordinary; subject pictures, portraits, and landscapes appeared in rapid succession, and in all of them he kept to a level of masterly practice which other men reach only occasionally and at rare intervals. Between 1873 and 1879 he painted eight landscapes, all important in scale and interesting in treatment, but after 1879 he produced no more for nearly ten years, when he began a fresh series. He was apparently too busy with portraits and figure subjects to give much time to out-of-door work, and to satisfy the demands made upon him by art collectors and sitters he must have had to work his hardest. Yet popularity did not make him

careless, and his hard work diminished neither his freshness of outlook nor his freedom of expression. Conscientiousness as a craftsman was always one of his virtues, and the knowledge that he had a host of admirers ready to accept almost anything he would give them had certainly not the effect of inducing him to lower his standard.

In the long list of his paintings, which belong to the period beginning in 1879 and ending in 1888, several stand out with special prominence—for example, his portraits of "Mrs. Jopling," and "The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone," "Cherry Ripe," and "The Princess Elizabeth," all in 1879, "The Right Hon. John Bright" in 1880, "Cardinal Newman," "Alfred, Lord Tennyson," "Sir Henry Thompson," "Cinder-

ella," and "Caller Herrin'," in 1881, "J. C. Hook, R.A.," and "The Captive," in 1882, "The Marquess of Salisbury" in 1883, "The Ruling Passion," and another portrait of Gladstone, in 1885, "Bubbles" in 1886, and "The Marquess of Hartington" in 1887. Some of these were shown at the Academy, but he was producing far more year by year than could be exhibited there, so he sent many important works to the Grosvenor Gallery, and most of his subject pictures to the galleries of the dealers by whom they were commissioned.

After 1888 there was some relaxation in his effort; in that year he had at the Academy only one picture, a landscape, "Murthly Moss," and only one portrait in each of the years 1889 and 1890, though he showed several works in other galleries.

In 1892 his landscapes "Halcyon Weather," and "Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind," were at the Academy, but after that year he worked no more out-of-doors. Of the canvases painted during the last three or four years of his life, the most memorable are his portrait of "John Hare" (1893), "Speak! Speak!" (1895), and "A Forerunner" (1896), all of which were at the Academy, and "Time the Reaper" which was at the New Gallery in 1895. "Speak! Speak!" was purchased by the Chantrey Fund trustees, and is now in the National Gallery of British Art with the other admirably chosen examples of his art which were given to the nation by Sir Henry Tate.

The crowning honour of his life came to him in February 1896, when he was

elected President of the Royal Academy in succession to Lord Leighton—an honour which was particularly appropriate not only because of his eminence as an artist, but also because he had been intimately connected for nearly sixty years with the institution over which he was then called to preside. To this connection he referred in his speech at the Academy banquet in 1895, at which he took the chair in the place of Leighton whose illness prevented him from occupying his accustomed position. The words which Millais used on this occasion expressed generously and affectionately his sense of obligation to the Academy by which he had been trained in his boyhood, and from which he had received encouragement and support at the most critical period of his career, and de-

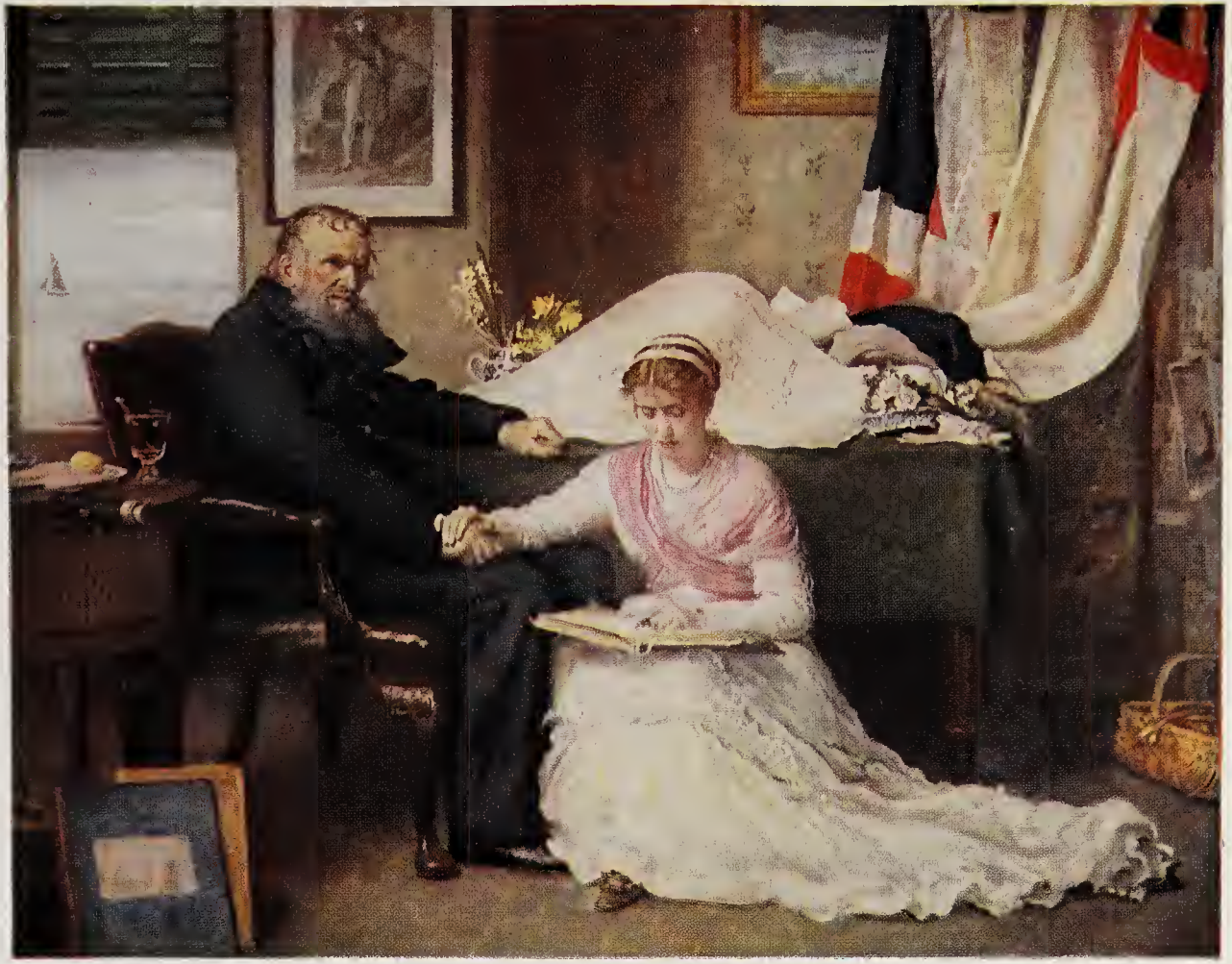
clared with characteristic frankness that he owed to it a debt of gratitude which he never could repay.

To those, however, who know how loyal he was to the institution that he loved so well it would seem that the debt was, indeed, fully paid. Few men have done more to uphold the repute of the Academy, few have by the brilliancy of their powers and their charm of personality done it more credit. That Leighton was the ideal President can be readily admitted, but Millais, as his successor, would have carried on a great tradition with dignity and sympathy and with no diminution of his predecessor's generous tolerance and earnest sense of artistic responsibility. He would have kept the Academy on broad lines, and by his impatience of empty formalities

PLATE VIII.—THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

(Tate Gallery)

Even if the "North-West Passage" were not the masterly piece of painting that it is, it would still be a picture of importance because it appeals so vividly to the national spirit of adventure. The old Arctic explorer, no longer able to satisfy his still strenuous inclinations, listens to the record of his past activities which is being read to him by his daughter, and yearns once more to battle with the hardships which must be faced by the traveller in the frozen north. The old man's head, one of the finest technical achievements in modern art, was painted from Trelawny, the friend of Byron, and Shelley.



he would have prevented it from losing touch with the movements in modern art.

But, unfortunately, he was destined to hold his honourable office for but a brief time. Even before Leighton's death he had been suffering from a throat trouble which not long after was pronounced to be cancer; and in the months that followed immediately on his election the disease made rapid progress. Not long after the opening of the 1896 Academy Exhibition his condition became so serious that an immediately fatal result was expected; but by an operation he obtained some temporary relief and his life was prolonged for a few weeks. This, however, was only a brief respite; he died on August 13, and was buried a week later in St. Paul's

Cathedral, where little more than six months before he had followed his old friend's body to the grave.

To speak of his death as premature would be scarcely a misapplication of the word. Although Millais had completed his sixty-seventh year he was still in art a young man. His vigour had not waned, and there was no perceptible diminution of his artistic vitality even in those last works which he painted under the shadow of nearly impending death. To a man of his splendid physique and buoyant temperament age would have come slowly, and the inevitable degeneration of his powers would have not begun for many more years. The possibility of great achievement remained to him, and it would be true to say that his death robbed us of much which would

have added greatly to the sum total of British art. Yet we may be grateful to fate for allowing him to develop the promise of his youth in the splendour of his maturer years; it is so often the lot of the precocious genius to die young with his mission but half fulfilled. If death had come to Millais as it did to Bonington or Fred Walker, our loss would have been sad indeed.

In discussing Millais as an artist the part which his personality played in making him what he was must by no means be overlooked. Something of the vitality and the virility of his art was due to the way in which he kept touch with the life about him, and interested himself in people and things. He was no recluse who fed in secret upon his own ideas, or narrowed

his outlook by hedging himself round with prejudices and preferences for one special class of artistic material. Instead, he went out into the world and acquired his impressions of humanity in all directions and at first hand, finding much pleasure in association with his fellow-men. To his own human nature he gave free rein; he was a keen sportsman, a lover of children—of whose ways he had, as he proved in scores of pictures, a perfect understanding—and a man who was always happy in congenial society, and always welcome. He lived his life, in fact, largely, genially, and wholesomely, and he was as much unspoiled by the prosperity which came to him in his maturer years as he was unshaken by the opposition which he had to face in that brief period of his youth when,

as he used to say himself, he was "so dreadfully bullied."

That this brief taste of unpopularity did him good rather than harm can well be imagined, for without making him bitter it tested with some severity his tenacity and his power to fight vigorously for what he believed to be right—and such a test has always its value as a means of developing the finer qualities of a strong man, or as a warning to the weak one of the need for self-examination. Millais did not require any incentive to self-examination, because he knew well enough what he intended to do when he deliberately set up his own conviction against that of the men who practically ruled British art, and he did not enter upon the fight with any idea of backing out if he found it was likely to

go against him. But after the kind of triumphal progress which he made through the Academy schools, the discovery that the wider public was not disposed to accept him as infallible was possibly necessary to prove to him that successes as a student did not give him, as a matter of course, an assured place among the chiefs of his profession. He was taught roughly, and in a way that roused both his fighting spirit and his pride, that this position was to be won only by sustained and strenuous effort; and this lesson he never forgot. Its effects persisted long after he had become a popular favourite, and they helped, it can be fairly believed, to strengthen his character and to keep him from that easy contentment with his own works which is the first step towards degeneration. He did

not degenerate after he had secured what he had been striving for; although he had silenced his critics, and had won them over to his side, he continued to sit in severest judgment upon himself, and to the last he exacted from his own capacities the utmost they could give him.

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MASTERPIECES
IN COLOUR
EDITED BY - -
T. LEMAN HARE

HOLMAN HUNT

In the Same Series

Artist.	Author.
VELAZQUEZ.	S. L. Bensusan.
REYNOLDS.	S. L. Bensusan.
TURNER.	C. Lewis Hind.
ROMNEY.	C. Lewis Hind.
GREUZE.	Alys Eyre Macklin.
BOTTICELLI.	Henry B. Binns.
ROSSETTI.	Lucien Pissarro.
BELLINI.	George Hay.
FRA ANGELICO.	James Mason.
REMBRANDT.	Josef Israels.
LEIGHTON.	A. Lys Baldry.
RAPHAEL.	Paul G. Konody.
HOLMAN HUNT.	Mary E. Coleridge.
TITIAN.	S. L. Bensusan.
CARLO DOLCI.	George Hay.
LUINI.	James Mason.
TINTORETTO.	S. L. Bensusan.

Others in Preparation.

PLATE I.—PORTRAIT OF HOLMAN HUNT AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN. (Frontispiece)

The original is now in the possession of Mr. Hunt, and is a copy by him from the original which was painted at the age of seventeen.

Holman Hunt

BY MARY E. COLERIDGE

ILLUSTRATED WITH EIGHT REPRODUCTIONS IN COLOUR

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By kind permission of the painter

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By kind permission of the painter

I

THE PAINTER'S YOUTH (1827–1854)

"Art is too tedious an employment for any not infatuated with it."

"The only artists I ever knew who achieved work of note in any sense whatever, went first through a steady training of several years and afterwards entered their studios with as unwearying a punctuality as business men attend their offices, worked longer hours than these, and had fewer holidays, partly because of their love for art, but also because of their deep sense of the utter uselessness of grappling with the difficulties besetting the happy issue of each contest, except at close and unflinching quarters."

"I have many times in my studio come to such a pass of humiliation that I have felt that there was no one thing that I had thought I could do thoroughly in which I was not altogether incapable." W. H. H.

UPON a wintry afternoon in London, in the year 1834, a little boy of six years old was standing on the stairs of a poor artist's

house, watching, through a window in the wall, the marvellous deeds of the man within. The man within was painting the "Burning of the Houses of Parliament." Scarlet and gold! Scarlet and gold! He used them up so quickly that he had to grind and prepare more and more. Every time he ground with the muller on the slab a fresh supply of vermilion and chrome yellow, there was a fresh flare up of the conflagration, another outburst of applause from the little boy. Meantime, the artist's wife put the kettle on the fire, and cut bread and butter as if nothing out of the way were going on; and by-and-by she and the father and their children sat down to tea. It seemed very strange to the little watchman that they could behave in this calm, everyday manner when such wonders were all about them in the room. Presently a porter came from a warehouse in Dyer's Court, Aldermanbury, where dwelt a merchant, Mr. William Hunt; and he took the little boy home to his father.

This little boy had been born on the 2nd April 1827, in Wood Street, Cheapside, and was christened William Holman at St. Giles's, Cripplegate. From the time that he could hold

PLATE II.—THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. (Painted in 1852)

The subject of this picture is taken from the last act of Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona." It will be remembered that Proteus and Valentine had each gone from Verona to Milan to improve by travel and by seeing the wonders of the world abroad. Later on Julia, whose love Proteus had won, followed him disguised as a page, only to discover that the false, fickle, and treacherous wooer was endeavouring to supplant his friend Valentine in the affections of Sylvia, the Duke's daughter. But Valentine, interposing at the critical moment, rescued her. This is the moment the artist depicts. The scene is one of pure bright sunlight, in which the brilliant colours of the gay costumes tell out with almost startling vividness. In the background are seen advancing the outlaws, with the Duke and Thurio whom they have captured. It adds an interest to the picture to know that Sylvia was painted from Miss Siddall, who afterwards became the wife of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The beech-tree forest scenery was painted in Lord Amherst's park at Knowle, Kent.

The picture is in the Birmingham Art Gallery.

anything he held a pencil. When he was about four years old he begged for a brush and some paints, and his joy is thus described:

"How I idolised the implements when they were in my possession! The camel-hair pencil, with its translucent quill, rosy-coloured silk binding up its delicate hair at the base, all embedded together as in amber, was an equal joy with the gem-like cakes of paint. I carried them about with me in untiring love. A day or two of this joy had not exhausted it, when, alas, alas, the brush was lost! Search proved to be all in vain. I remember going around and over every track about the house and garden. Waking up from sorrowing sleep, in which my continuing pain had been finally relieved by a dream of the lost treasure lying ensconced in some quiet corner, I hurried to the spot, only to find it vacant. The loss was the greater trouble because it was my first terrible secret. That my father should ever forgive me for losing so beautiful an object was to my distracted mind impossible. What could be done? My hair was straight, fine, and of camel brush hue. I cut off pieces to test its fitness for the office of paint-brush, and as I held a little lock I found that it would spread the tints fairly well; but what to do for a handle? Quill pens were too big, and I could not see how they could be neatly shortened. A piece of firewood carefully cut promised to make a more manageable stick. With my utmost skill I shaped this, and with a little length of coloured cotton I bound a stubborn sprout of hair upon the splint. I was disconcerted to find that it formed a hollow tube. It seemed perverse of fate to ordain that just in the handle where it was needed to be hollow it should be solid, and that the hair which should be

solid would form an empty pipe. Attempts to drill the stick into a tube failed, but there was an expedient for making the tuft fuller. Cutting a cross cleft in the bottom of the wood, I inserted a straight length of hair, which I then rebound with its crimson thread. With gum I managed patiently to bind down loose ends and to give an improving gloss to the whole. My fears grew apace, since every hour there was a danger of inquiry for the lost pencil. I summoned up, therefore, an assumption of assurance, trusting that my father would see no difference between my brush and his. I went forward to him, holding the trophy very tenderly lest it should fall to pieces. He turned his eyes, they became bewildered, his usual loving look made a frown from him the more to be dreaded. I fortified my spirit, saying, 'Thank you very much, father, for your brush.' He took it with, 'What's this?' and turned it over. Breathless I sobbed; he burst out laughing, and so brought a torrent of tears to my eyes. He exclaimed, 'Oh, I see, it's my brush, is it?" caught me up and tossed me aloft several times, ending with a scrubbing on my cheek from his close-shaven chin. This was the reception of my first work of art."[1]

The warehouse was a mysterious place full of laughter and talk by day; empty, silent, and vast at night when the master went over it with a bull's-eye lantern. A funny man called Henry Pinchers busied himself with velvet binding on the third floor. The jests of Henry Pinchers were of infinite charm. He had had to take two steps

[1] "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," vol. i., by W. Holman Hunt.

back for every step forward, he declared, one cold morning. "Then how did you get to the warehouse at all?" asked his delighted auditor. "Don't you see, you silly boy, I turned round and walked backwards!" said Henry Pinchers.

Other people were not much more clear than he in their answers to questions. Temple Bar was so called "because there was no other name"; and the martyrs were burnt at Smithfield "because they were martyrs." Whether the child found more satisfaction at the school to which, soon after, he was sent, does not appear. The lessons from the New Testament read to him there made a deep impression upon his mind, and were remembered in years to come. "The gain in thoughtfully-spent life is the continual disturbance of absolute convictions." But there are certain convictions of childhood which are never effaced.

The choice of a profession was not left to the last moment in those days. He was but twelve when his father asked him what he would like to be. "A painter!" he said at once; and the sorrowful silence that followed told him what

he knew already—that his choice was not looked on with approval.

His father had taken him away from school, and was about to find for him a situation in which he would have to go about with invoices for goods from nine in the morning till eight at night. No time for drawing; no time for painting in scarlet and gold! The idea did not harmonise with his presentiment of that which had to be. He set about to look for a place for himself, and explained the various qualifications that he possessed in the way of reading, writing, and arithmetic, to the master of a boy-friend who was leaving that gentleman's office. After some friendly chaff as to why he had not thought of enlisting as a Grenadier, to which he replied in all good faith, "I really should like your place better," his services were accepted, and his father—amused, and gratified, no doubt, by the master's ready interest in the boy—consented that he should stay.

The master, Mr. James, drew and painted himself. Far from discouraging his apprentice, he gave him his own box of oil-colours with direc-

tions how to prepare them; draughtsmanship was studied at a night school for mechanics, and the little salary expended on weekly lessons from a portrait-painter who had learnt from a pupil of a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. His father, who had permitted this, was displeased, however, to find that on Mr. James's retirement he had time to visit the National Gallery; and once again, to avoid more unendurable subjection, he secured a place at the London Agency of Richard Cobden's Manchester business. Here he sat by himself in a little room that looked out on three blank walls, made entries in a ledger, pondered over the Bible stories heard at school, and the far-away land where they happened, drew pen-and-ink flies on the window with such accurate realism that his employer took out a handkerchief to brush them away, designed patterns for calicoes—taught by an occasional clerk. Here, too, he painted the portrait of an old orange-woman called Hannah, a Jewess, who came into the office and asked him to buy of her; "if only for a handsel to break her ill-luck of the morning."

The portrait was such a good likeness that

the employer laughed aloud when he saw it; the fame of the thing spread fast. One night his father told him of this remarkable picture, adding that he certainly ought to see it; but no sooner had he discovered the artist than he threatened to take him away altogether if stricter discipline were not observed. Hunt was now sixteen; he had borne with the city for four years; if he waited until he came of age it would be too late to think of art as a profession. He took his life into his own hands, and declared that he meant to become a student at the Royal Academy, that he must be allowed to draw at the British Museum that he might qualify himself to pass the entrance examination.

He just contrived to make both ends meet by copy and portrait work three days out of the six. He learnt more from fellow-students than from masters. The first real instruction came from a pupil of Wilkie's, who told him, as he sat copying "The Blind Fiddler," that Wilkie painted without dead colour underneath, and finished each bit in turn like a fresco-painter. After this he found out for himself

that quattrocentist work was very beautiful, and that the beauty of it was due to the early training of the artists in fresco. He was by nature hasty and impatient, and the city portrait-painter had encouraged rather than checked a tendency to handle his tools with loose bravura. He set himself to unlearn these lessons, to work with accurate and humble patience.

The hardest part of the endeavour had yet to come. Twice over he failed to find his name upon the list of those accepted as probationers for the Academy. Another precious year gone! His father appealed to him to give it up. "You are wasting time and energy. You can paint well enough to make friends admire you; but you cannot compete with others, who have genius to begin with, who have received an excellent education. Are you not yourself convinced?" The sense of discouragement was bitter. Six months more he asked for one other trial; if, for the third time, he failed, he would go back to business.

One day, as he stood at work in the Museum, a boy dressed in a velvet tunic, and belt, his bright brown hair curling over a turned-down

white collar, darted aside as he went by, gazed attentively at the drawing for a minute or two, and was off again. He knew the boy, for he had seen him take the Gold Medal at the Academy over the head of all the older students. He returned the visit on his way through the Elgin room, where young Millais was at work on the Ulysses. Quickly the younger artist turned round.

"I say, are not you the fellow doing that good drawing in No. XIII. room? You ought to be at the Academy."

"That is exactly my opinion. But, unfortunately, the Council have twice decided the other way."

"You just send the drawing you are doing now, and you'll be in like a shot. You take my word for it; I ought to know; I've been there as a student, you know, five years. I got the first medal last year in the antique, and it's not the first given me, I can tell you. . . . I say, tell me whether you have begun to paint? What? I'm never to tell; it is your deadly secret. Ah! ah! ah! that's a good joke! You'll be drawn and quartered without even being respectably hung by the Council of 'Forty' if you are known to have painted before completing your full course in the antique. Why, I'm as bad as you, for I've painted a long while. I say, do you ever sell what you do? So do I. I've often got ten pounds, and even double. Do you paint portraits?"

"Yes," I said; "but I'm terribly behind you."

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Well, I'm seventeen," I replied.

PLATE III.—ISABELLA, OR THE POT OF BASIL

When Isabella found her murdered lover's grave in the forest she brought home his head in anxious secrecy.

" Then in a silken scarf—sweet with the dews
Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby,
And divine liquids come with odorous ooze
Through the cold serpent pipe refreshfully,—
She wrapp'd it up; and for its tomb did choose
A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by,
And cover'd it with mould, and o'er it set
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new morn she saw not: but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore
And moisten'd it with tears unto the core."

Keats.

The picture is lent by Mrs. James Hall to the Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"I'm only fifteen just struck; but don't you be afraid. Why, there are students of the Academy just fifty and more. There's old Pickering; he once got a picture into the Exhibition, and he quite counts upon making a sensation when he has finished his course; but he is very reluctant to force on his genius. Will you be here to-morrow?"

"No," I whispered; "it's my portrait day, but don't betray me. Good-bye."

"Don't you be down in the mouth," he laughed out, as I walked away more light-hearted than I had been for months.[1]

At the next examination Hunt passed. "I told you so. I knew you'd soon be in," said Millais, when next they met at the Academy. It was the beginning of one of those rare friendships that make high things possible.

In the room at 83 Gower Street, where Millais painted while his mother sat at her work-table, Holman Hunt was now often to be found.

"They both help me, I can tell you," said Millais, as he stood with one hand on his father's shoulder, and the other on Mrs. Millais' chair. "He's really capital, and does a lot of useful things. Look what a good head he has. I have painted several of the old doctors from him. By making a little alteration in each, and putting on different kinds of

[1] "Pre-Raphaelitism," vol. i. p. 56.

beards; he does splendidly. Couldn't be better, could he? And he sits for hands and draperies too. And as for mamma, she reads to me and finds me subjects. She gets me all I want in the way of dresses and makes them up for me, and searches out difficult questions for me at the British Museum—in the library, you know. She's very clever, I can tell you." He stooped down and rubbed his curly head against her forehead, and then patted the "old daddy," as he called him, on the back. The father was then only about forty-seven. . . .[1]

Many and eager were the discussions that took place among the students. Hunt's first visit to the National Gallery, while he was still at the office, had not been altogether a success. The Age of Brown was flourishing. "Bacchus and Ariadne" was brown then. In fact when, some few years later, it was cleaned, and the original colours appeared, many people said they preferred it brown. Lost in the brown air, and quite unable to derive any pleasure from "Venus attired by the Graces," the new-comer, standing in front of Titian's masterpiece, inquired where were "the really grand paintings of the great master's?"

"That picture before you, sir, of 'Bacchus and Ariadne is one of the finest specimens existing of the greatest

[1] "Pre-Raphaelitism," vol. i. p. 61.

colourist in the world." Here the custodian stopped to understand my paralysed expression. "Can't you see its beauty, sir?" "Not much, I must confess," I slowly stammered; "it is as brown as my grandmother's painted tea-tray." He stared hopelessly and then left me, only adding as a parting shot, "In the other rooms there are some wonderful Rubens, a consummate Guido, and miraculous heads by Vandyke, and several supremely fine Rembrandts; they will at least equal your grandmother's tea-tray; perhaps you'll be able to see some beauty in *them*." [1]

It took wonderful courage in those days to go on thinking that grass and trees were green, when all the eminent teachers maintained that so far as Art was concerned, they were brown, and that if you only painted them brown for several years "an eye for Nature" would come. They were green, however, at Ewell in Surrey, whither the young artist went one autumn. While he was there, his first picture, "Woodstock," was sold for £20. Furthermore, a fellow-student borrowed from Cardinal Wiseman vol. i. of "Modern Painters," and lent it to him for twenty-four hours. He sat up most of the night to read it.

He had fished out a copy of Keats from a box

[1] "Pre-Raphaelitism," vol. i. p. 19.

marked "This lot 4d.," and determined to paint a scene from "The Eve of St. Agnes." "It's like a parson," said Millais, laughing—a curious commentary on the reading of "Isabella"; but he soon came round. Millais had begun to assert his independence of judgment, to the no small wrath of his mother.

"Johnnie is behaving abominably," she said. "I want you, Hunt, to hear; you would not believe it; he shuts us out of the studio altogether; he is there now all alone. For twelve days now neither his father nor I have been allowed to enter the room. I appeal to you; is that the way to treat parents? He cannot expect to prosper, can he, now? I hope you will tell him so."

At this point a voice was heard from the studio. "Is not that Hunt? Don't mind what they say. Come here."[1]

Some time afterwards, a wonderful conversation on the relative merits of the Old Masters was interrupted by a quiet knock at the door.

"Who's there?" asked my companion.

"I have brought you the tea myself," said the mother.

I was hurrying forward when Millais stopped me with his hand, and a silent shake of the head.

"I really can't let you in, mamma; please put the tray down at the door, and I'll take it in myself."

---

[1] "Pre-Raphaelitism," etc., vol. i. p. 80.

The mother made one more attempt; in vain. On went the talk. When Hunt had risen to say Good-bye,

"Oh no!" said Millais, "you must come in and see the old people," which brought to my mind the prospect of a terrible quarter of an hour.

Johnnie burst into the sitting-room, I came very bashfully behind. "Now, we've come to have a nice time with you, mamma and papa."

"We don't wish," said the mother, "to tax your precious time at all; we have our own occupations to divert us and engage our attention," and the crochet needles were more intently plied.

"Hoity-toity, what's all this? Put down your worsted work at once. I'm going to play backgammon with you directly;" and he straightway fetched the board from its corner, and laid it on the table before her.

"You know, Hunt, how shamefully he has been behaving, and I appeal to you to say whether it is not barefacedness to come in and treat us as though nothing had occurred," appealed the mother.

The *us* was chosen because at the time Johnnie had gone to his father with the guitar, placing it in his hand and remarking, as he put his arms round the paternal shoulders: "Now, as we are too busy in the day to see one another, it's more jolly that we should do so after work, so just you be a dear old papa, and now prove to Hunt what a splendid musician you are. Hunt used to practise the violin once, but his family didn't like it, and he could not be annoying them in music and painting, too, so he gave up his fiddling; but he's very fond of music. You play that exquisite air out

of Rigoletto!" And then turning to me he added, "There's no one in England has such an erect back as he has;" while to him he railingly said, "You want pressing, like a shy young lady."

His father was, however, already tuning the strings, when his son went over to the still irreconcilable mother, took her needles away, kissed her, and wheeled her in the chair round to the table where the opened chess-board was arranged awaiting her. The father had already commenced the air, which at my solicitation he repeated, and afterwards played "The Harmonious Blacksmith." The radiant faces of both parents gradually witnessed to their content; while the son beat time to the music, he paid no less attention to the game with the mother.

The two boys worked hard. They sat up all night long in Millais' studio; they kept themselves awake with coffee; they encouraged one another with talk; when Millais was tired to death of his own picture he worked on Hunt's, and Hunt on his. "Cymon and Iphigenia" and "The Eve of St. Agnes" were sent in to the Academy at eleven o'clock on the last night possible for sending in at all, and next day, in the exuberance of their joyful relief, they accompanied the Chartist procession to Kensington Common—Millais keen to see more of the fray than his companion thought prudent.

One great disappointment, bravely borne by

Millais, marked the Academy of that year; "Cymon and Iphigenia" was not hung. Hunt, however, gained an outspoken admirer in the person of an Italian student, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. "The best picture there!" said he, as he stood before "The Eve of St. Agnes," and he said it loudly too. He did not admire it the less because the subject was taken from Keats, whom he adored. He loved and studied "the Golden Gates of Ghiberti"—another point of agreement. He was passionately fond of Art, but dejected by the enforced study of glass bottles under the stern guidance of Ford Madox Brown. What was he to do? He could not go on with those bottles. Hunt consented that they should share a studio: and he became an ardent, fascinating, but very troublesome learner. He hummed and moaned, rocking himself to and fro as he sat thinking; he raved and raged while he was painting, causing angelic little girl models to weep; he sat up night after night before his easel, eating or sleeping as the fit came upon him. He was perpetually encircled by a crowd of noisy followers, and he had a most inconvenient way of showing them everything in the studio, and

asking them all to supper when the cupboard was bare—a very different friend from the un-Bohemian Millais, who in those days would not even smoke a pipe.

"I have always been told by artists that a pipe is of incalculable comfort to the nerves, that when harassed by the difficulties of a problem it solaces them."

"That is the very reason, it seems to me, for not smoking. A man ought to get relief only by solving his problem," said Millais.

Very different, too, from the genial atmosphere of his home was that of the Rossetti household, where there were strange gatherings of Italian exiles by the hearth.

"Then you are Pre-Raphaelite!" the other students cried, laughing, when self-willed Hunt quoted Sir Charles Ball to prove that the action of the demoniac boy in Raphael's "Transfiguration" was all wrong. The word was caught up, turned into a challenge, *P* and *R*, two of the mystic initials that were so soon to charm and to enrage London, were formed. The *B* was added at the suggestion of Rossetti, whose love of the mediæval at once required a "Brother-

PLATE IV.—THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

"My types were of natural figures such as language had originally employed to express transcendental ideas, and they were used by me with no confidence that they would interest any other mind than my own. The closed door was the obstinately shut mind, the weeds the cumber of daily neglect, the accumulated hindrances of sloth; the orchard the garden of delectable fruit for the dainty feast of the soul. The music of the still small voice was the summons to the sluggard to awaken and become a zealous labourer under the Divine Master; the bat flitting about only in darkness was a natural type of ignorance; the kingly and priestly dress of Christ, the sign of His reign over the body and the soul to them who could give their allegiance to Him and acknowledge God's over-rule. In making it a night scene, lit mainly by the lantern carried by Christ, I had followed metaphorical explanation in the Psalms, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path,' with also the accordant allusions by St. Paul to the sleeping soul, 'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.'"

W. H. H.

The picture hangs in Keble College Chapel, Oxford.

hood." Need it be said that there had to be seven Brothers, and that the Brotherhood was to be kept a secret? Rossetti's brother William, who had never learnt how to draw; a nominal pupil of Hunt's, F. G. Stephens, who had never learnt how to paint; Woolner, who was a sculptor, and James Collinson, were quickly enlisted. "Collinson," said Rossetti, "is a born stunner."

"Where's your flock?" shouted out Millais. "I expected to see them behind you. Tell me all about it."

They held their first meeting in his studio, over a set of engravings of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa. The three leaders were all, at this time, eager to establish some starting-point for their art "which would be secure, if it were ever so humble." They admired what was true in the works of Raphael as much as any one else. "Pre-Raphaelitism is not Pre-Raphaelism," but they held that, since his day, pride and the dogged observance of rule without reference to Nature had destroyed sincerity. As they turned over the pages of the book, they hailed with delight in the old frescoes of Gozzoli that "freedom from

corruption, pride, and disease" for which they sought. "Think what a revelation it was to find such work at such a moment, and to recognise it with the triple enthusiasm of our three spirits!" They all agreed that they would make a series of designs from Keats in the new manner. Millais' "Lorenzo and Isabella," in his friends' judgment the most wonderful picture ever painted by a man under twenty, was the immediate fruit of this resolve.

Nature had gifted Rossetti with a hopeful temperament which was of no small service to Hunt in the dark days of discouragement that followed. When the latter was tempted to mourn over the waste of his young years in the city, the former pointed out to him that he had learnt to know men, and the ways of men, instead of mere bookish things that were "of very little use in life." What did it matter whether the sun went round the earth or the earth went round the sun? What did anything scientific matter in comparison with Dante, with the poetry of Browning, which he would recite, over the fire, by twenty pages at a time, with Tennyson and Henry Taylor

and Coventry Patmore?[1] When Mr. James, the city man, the owner of the original colour-box, reduced Hunt to despair by his damning criticism of the new picture "Rienzi," "But the man's a born fool!" exclaimed Rossetti, with screams of laughter. When pounds, shillings, and pence ran low, "Can you not understand," said he, "that there are hundreds of young artistocrats and millionaires growing up who will be only too glad to get due direction how to make the country as glorious as Greece was, and as Italy?" In Paris, in Belgium, in the country he was the most delightful of companions, and it was he who led as the Brethren walked up and down Stanhope Street after their work, singing the *Marseillaise* or *Mourir pour la patrie.*

Throughout his youth, however, Rossetti acted on impulse, without consideration as to the effect upon others. When it was time to send in for the Academy he was not quite ready with the charming picture painted in Hunt's studio, and, for the sake of a few more

[1] Hunt, who had written poetry himself, mostly in couplet form, and in the Spenserian stanza, gave it up on account of Rossetti's greater proficiency.

days in which to finish, he sent instead to the Hyde Park Gallery, which opened a week earlier than Burlington House. "The Girlhood of Mary, Virgin," signed with the mystic P.R.B., the meaning of which was then unknown, except to the seven Brothers, appeared, therefore, a week earlier than Hunt's "Rienzi" and Millais' "Lorenzo and Isabella," signed with the same initials, and, for good and for evil, Rossetti began to be spoken of as the precursor of a new school. The effect on him was twofold. Unable to endure hostile criticism, at the first touch of it, the year after, when he showed "The Annunciation," he resolved that he would never again exhibit in public; but, pleased at the pre-eminence given him by those who were not behind the scenes, he withdrew from partnership with Hunt in the studio; and more and more, as time went on, from his society and that of Millais.

"Rienzi" honourably hung in the large room, pendant to "Lorenzo and Isabella," made a favourable impression, but was not sold until after the closing of the Academy; and meantime, the landlord seized Hunt's books, furniture,

PLATE V.—THE SCAPEGOAT

" The Apostles regarded it (the Scapegoat) as a symbol of the Christian Church, teaching both them and their followers submission and patience under affliction. . . . One important part of the ceremony was the binding a scarlet fillet round the head of this second goat when he was conducted away from the Temple, hooted at with execration, and stoned until he was lost to sight in the wilderness. The High Priest kept a portion of this scarlet fillet in the Temple, with the belief that it would become white if the corresponding fillet on the fugitive goat had done so, as a signal that the Almighty had forgiven their iniquities. . . . The whole image is a perfect one of the persecution and trials borne by the Apostolic Church, and perhaps by the Church, as subtly understood, to this day."

The picture was originally called " Azazel " : it was painted near Oosdoom by the Dead Sea. " Every minute the mountains became more gorgeous and solemn, the whole scene more unlike anything ever portrayed. Afar all seemed of the brilliancy and preciousness of jewels, while near, it proved to be only salt and burnt lime, with decayed trees and broken branches brought down by the rivers feeding the lake. Skeletons of animals, which had perished for the most part in crossing the Jordan and the Jabbok, had been swept here, and lay salt-covered, so that birds and beasts of prey left them untouched. It was a most appropriate scene for my subject, and each minute I rejoiced more in my work."

W. H. H.

Sir Cuthbert Quilter is the owner of this picture.

and sketches, and he was obliged to return to his family. As soon as he could he paid the man, who thought he had been "shamming poverty." At one time he was not able to post a letter because he had not even a penny wherewith to buy the stamp; as he threw himself back on a chair, he thrust his hand between the back and the seat, and lo, it came in contact with half-a-crown! When he went to Lambeth to paint the background of "Claudio and Isabella," the man who carried his traps was so much better dressed that the porter was taken for the artist. Still, he was in good heart, and he and Millais, eager to improve the reputation already gained, were hard at work upon two large works, "Christians escaping from Persecuting Druids" and "Christ in the Carpenter's Shop," when all at once a derisive paragraph appeared in one of the papers, betraying the significance of the three letters, P.R.B., and holding up the new school to ridicule. Munro the sculptor had wormed the secret out of Rossetti, and, after promising not to tell, he had passed it on to a journalist.

The storm of anger which followed was

curiously out of proportion to the cause. *The Germ*, a magazine started at Rossetti's instigation, to be the organ of Pre-Raphaelites, would have failed, it may be, in any case, for lack of funds; but jealousy, and that hatred of light which is peculiar to old institutions, can alone account for the venomous reception of the new pictures, when once the secret of the letters became known. The Academy sprang to arms; the older artists, and their pupils, waxed furious. They enlisted literature on their side. Dickens joined in the hue and cry. With the honourable exception of *The Spectator*, every single paper attacked the men who had dared to break with tradition. Raphael had been insulted; Raphael was, it appeared, the idol of all England.

Ruskin came, flashing, to the rescue a year later, with a letter to *The Times*, in which he declared that since the days of Albert Dürer, there had been nothing in art so earnest or so complete as the pictures of Millais and Holman Hunt. They were not this year hung together; they were placed in a less favourable light. The onslaughts of the press were well

sustained. "Valentine and Sylvia" (the subject taken from Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona") had suffered, in part, from Hunt's distress of mind and the want of means occasioned by the bad conduct of a man whom he trusted; even after Ruskin's letter no one ventured to buy. Nobody came to him for a portrait now. His father's acquaintance in the city offered to bet £10 that any picture of his would be sent back within a week. Anonymous insults poured in upon him. A publisher, who had asked for illustrations of Longfellow, declined to publish them. Debt was staring him in the face, and failure seemed absolute.

At this crisis of fortune, when he had resolved that he must give up Art and adopt some other line of life—preferably that of a settler in the backwoods—Millais came forward. He had freed himself from personal straits only a week or two earlier; now, with the warm concurrence of his father and mother, he offered to share every penny he had with his friend. His generous will to help overcame all resistance; the money—repaid the following year—was advanced; and the two Brothers went

off to Surbiton together, to paint "Ophelia" and "The Hireling Shepherd." "Valentine and Sylvia" had been retouched and sent to Liverpool, where a prize of £50 was offered for the finest painting.

Never did the two gentlemen, even in their native Verona, provoke more comment than followed their footsteps wherever they appeared in England. Immediately, anonymous insults in letters and papers began again. Week after week went by; there was not a word from the authorities. At last it grew intolerable. The painter turned on his tormentors. He had never seriously expected such distinction for a moment; but he determined to write to the committee, and ask, by way of bitter satire, why the prize had not been awarded to him. Happily, his designs, and a book in which he was interested, kept him up too late to begin that night. Next morning, as he sat at work not far from the house, he heard Millais' voice, "Another letter from Liverpool"! "Valentine and Sylvia" had won the prize; and they gave three cheers for the Council in chorus.

The happy days of comradeship at the old, ghost-haunted house called Worcester Park Farm glided by all too fast. Millais became intent upon "The Huguenot"; Hunt continued "The Hireling Shepherd" while the sun shone; after dark he threw his strength into "The Light of the World." Whenever the moon was full, although it was so cold that people skated in the daytime, he would work out-of-doors from nine at night until five the next morning. For the most part he enjoyed undisturbed solitude, but now and then a friendly guardian of the public peace came to see what he was about.

"Have you seen other artists painting landscape about here?" he inquired.

"I can't exactly say as I have at this time o' night," said the policeman.

His nocturnal studies continued to arouse interest even after the return to London. As he was coming back to Chelsea on a 'bus one night the driver entertained him with descriptions of the eccentric persons who lived there, Carlyle among them, "and I've been told as how he gets his living by teaching

people to write." Then he went on confidentially, "But I'll show you another queer cove if you're coming round the corner. You see him well from the 'bus. He's a cove, in the first place, as has a something standing all night at one winder, while he sits down at the other, or stands, and seemingly is a-drawing of it. He doesn't go to bed like other Christians, but stays long after the last 'bus has come in; and, as the perlice tells us, when the clock strikes four, out goes the gas, down comes the gemman, opens the street door, runs down Cheyne Walk as hard as he can pelt, and when he gets to the end he turns and runs back again, opens his door, goes in, and nobody sees no more of him."

Pre-Raphaelitism went steadily forward. "The Light of the World" was not yet ready, but the wonderful Academy of 1852 contained "The Hireling Shepherd," Millais' "Ophelia" and "The Huguenot," and Ford Madox Brown's fine picture, painted after the same method, "Christ Washing Peter's Feet." "The Strayed Sheep," a beautiful little landscape begun for a gentleman

who admired "The Hireling Shepherd," but did not wish for so large a picture, was painted at Fairlight, soon afterwards. At the Academy of 1853 "Claudio and Isabella" hung in the first room. In 1854 "The Light of the World" was finished, and sold to Mr. Combe of Oxford. "The Awakened Conscience" went to the Academy the same year.

And now a plan that had been in the artist's mind ever since, as a child, he listened to the words of the New Testament at school, found sudden fulfilment. The cry of the East was in his ears; he would go to the East, and paint a sacred picture there. As on so many other occasions throughout his life, he met with violent opposition. He would lose all that he had gained at such cost and have to begin over again on his return; he would find nothing but overgrown weeds, no beauty that was not tenfold more beautiful in England; he would get Syrian fever and be an invalid for the rest of his days; he would die like Wilkie. Rossetti said that local colour interfered with the poetry of design. Ruskin said that he was giving up the real purpose of his life, which was to train

a new school of art. What Millais said does not appear. What Millais did was to help in the packing, which had been left to the last minute, so that there was no time for dinner, and to rush to the buffet for any "likely food" that he could find and toss it into the railway carriage after the train had begun to move.

Upon a parting gift from Rossetti were written these lines from "Philip van Artevelde":

> "There's that betwixt us been, which we remember
> Till they forget themselves, till all's forgot,
> Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed
> From which no morrow's mischief knocks them up."

II

THE EAST

"I regard the man who has not sojourned in a tent as one who has not thoroughly lived."

W. H. H.

The first period of life was over. The mystic letters were used no more; after the savage onslaughts of the press it had been determined that

PLATE VI.—THE TRIUMPH OF THE INNOCENTS

"You know that in the most beautiful former conceptions of the Flight into Egypt, the Holy Family were always represented as watched over and ministered to by attendant angels. But only the safety and peace of the Divine Child and its mother are thought of. No sadness or wonder of meditation returns to the desolate homes of Bethlehem.

"But in this English picture all the story of the escape, as of the flight, is told in fulness of peace and yet of compassion. The travel is in the dead of the night, the way unseen and unknown; but partly stooping from the starlight, and partly floating on the desert mirage, move with the Holy Family the glorified souls of the Innocents. Clear in celestial light, and gathered into child garlands of gladness, they look to the Child in whom they live, and yet for whom they die. Waters of the River of Life flow before on the sands; the Christ stretches out His arms to the nearest of them—leaning from His mother's breast. . . . You may well imagine for yourselves how the painter's . . . better than magical power of giving effects of intense light, has aided the effort of his imagination, while the passion of his subject has developed in him a swift grace of invention which, for my own part, I never recognised in his design till now."

Ruskin.

The canvas is now in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. Mr. J. T. Middlemore has a replica.

Pre-Raphaelites should be recognised by their work alone, not by any arbitrary signal. Henceforth each of the Brothers followed his own line. Marriage came in due course. Mr. Holman Hunt has been twice married; he has two sons and a daughter.

"The Scapegoat"—a subject which he had thought of suggesting to Landseer—was painted by the shore of the Dead Sea. After many negotiations, for the country was in a troubled state and he risked his life by going, he encamped there, with a little band of followers to protect him, and a goat. Soleiman, one of the Arabs, desired—though only seven years younger than himself—to be his son. By what name should he call him? *Hunt?* That was no name at all. *Holman?* That was not much better. *William*, however, pronounced "Wullaum," he "found very good."

One night, when the dews fell heavily, and they were some way from the encampment, Hunt, afraid of the effect of a chill, began waltzing—with his gun for a partner—to keep himself warm. Soleiman was overcome with amazement. "Henceforth let me be your brother,"

said he—unconscious that he had become a Pre-Raphaelite—as he flung his arms round the neck of this wonderful man. "You are indeed inspired; you dance like a dervish; you *are* one. Can you do it again?" "Yes, my brother," and away the wonderful man went, a second and a third time, again and yet again. He was asked to repeat the performance for the benefit of the others, who yelled with delight when they heard of it, but this he declined to do; and the next day Soleiman invited him to marry the daughter of the sheik his uncle, and to become sheik instead of himself when the old man died, that he might lead the tribe in battle, and act as dancing-dervish in times of peace. Where had he been born? In London? What was London?—a mountain? or a plain? Not a city like Jerusalem with walls and gates and shops?—"Never, my brother! I will never believe that you are a citizen—never! I know you are an English bedawee, and you were born in a tent." In spite of all this filial and fraternal affection, Soleiman was not much good when danger threatened. "There are robbers," he declared one day; "they are

coming this way—one, two, three, on horseback, and two—wait, three—yes, four on foot. You must put down your umbrella, shut up your picture, cover it with stones. They will not be here for an hour. We will go up in the mountains." "No," said Hunt, he should stay where he was, it was a good work that he had in hand; Allah would help him; he was quite content. After several passionate appeals, off went Soleiman by himself, taking the donkey. The robbers presently appeared, seven of them, on foot and on horseback, armed with long spears, with guns and swords and clubs. The painter painted on unconcernedly. They drew up in a semicircle round him, and the chief shouted for water. The artist looked at him from his head to his horse's feet—at the others also, and then resumed his work. Again the chief clamoured. They might have water, the artist said at last, since the day was hot; but Englishmen were not the servants of Arabs, and he was an Englishman; they must fetch it themselves. And he continued to paint. "Are you here alone?" they inquired. "No; there was an Arab." Thereupon they requested

that he might be called. "But *I* don't want him," said the artist. "*We* want him." "Well then, *you* call him. His name is Soleiman." Soleiman, however, made no reply. "There is no one, or he would answer," they said distrustfully. "He is afraid. You know best how to reassure him." At length Soleiman came slowly down through the rocks, driving the donkey. A long conversation followed—a wonderful description by his "brother" of the gun with two souls which he had, of the pistol that would fire more than five times without reloading, of his accomplishments as a dancing-dervish and as a story-teller (especially about Lot), of the manner in which he wrote all day in coloured inks the sky, the mountains, the plain, the sea, even the salt, on that large paper.

The Arabs became intensely suspicious. What could these things mean? He had the white goat led over the ground, they supposed, to charm it. He was a magician. He would go back to England; he would wipe out the coloured inks with a sponge; he would find the Cities of the Plain underneath; he would be lord of a great treasure. For the present they agreed that they would let him alone; but

he considered it prudent to waltz home that night.

"My dreams kept me with the Brotherhood," he says. Once he had fallen asleep within his tent, he was back in England among the old set, "talking of plans and thoughts beloved of both."

The Academy hung "The Scapegoat" on the line; and it was sold for £450, but "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," begun in Jerusalem, could not be finished for some time; he was compelled to work at smaller pictures which would bring in ready money. In the end, after a friendly consultation with his old foe, Dickens, he asked and obtained for it £5500, the largest sum that had ever yet been paid for an English picture.

"Isabella" was painted in Florence in days of great sadness; a year after the artist completed, with his own hand, the marble monument designed for his young wife.

"The Shadow of Death" ("Is not this the Carpenter"?) was painted on his return to the East, and yet again he went thither, to bring back with him "The Triumph of the

Innocents" and "The Holy Fire." A number of Mahommedan ladies, from the harem of a neighbouring "effendi," came to the house at Jerusalem, and asked to see "The Innocents," while it was still in progress. The leading lady counted up the figures.

"Seventeen babies in the large picture, and several more in the smaller one, with the Sib Miriam,[1] Al Issa Messiah, and Mar Jusif. This is very well," she said, "but on the Day of Judgment what will you do?" "Ah," I returned, "I can trust only in the mercy of the Beneficent; but why, pray, ask me that question?" She returned, "Because the souls of these beings that you have made will be required of you, and what will you say then?" My reply, justified on metaphysical principles, was, "I hope every one of these will be present to justify me." She looked bewildered, but then turning to her flock, re-echoed my assurance, saying, "Oh, if indeed you can satisfy God the Just with their souls, it will be well with you!"[2]

Music and rosy dawn are the inspiration of "May Morning"; on Magdalen Tower a band of choristers chant their hymn to the Light of Heaven, according to ancient custom, upon the 1st of May. "The Lady of Shalott" is fresh in

[1] The Virgin Mary.
[2] "Pre-Raphaelitism," etc., vol. ii. p. 328.

the recollection of all who have seen her. A larger version of "The Light of the World" has been purchased recently by Mr. Charles Booth, for the benefit of the nation. Since that time the artist has not been able to work.

In 1881 Rossetti died. His former comrade offered to visit him when he heard of the illness; but the offer was courteously declined by Mr. William Rossetti. In 1896 grave fears began to be expressed about Millais. "The truth of his doomed condition, at first resolutely ignored, came very suddenly to him, and then day by day he stepped down into the grave, but never lost his composure or noble personality." These quiet words are the fitting close of the tribute paid to him by his oldest and greatest friend, in that book which is a record as much of friendship as of art.

III

THE SUBJECT PICTURES

"One scarcely express purpose in our reform, left unsaid by reason of its fundamental necessity, was to make art a hand-maid in the cause of justice and truth." W. H. H.

"The vital ambition of an artist is to serve as high priest and expounder of the excellence of the works of the Creator—choosing the highest types and combinations of His handiworks, as the Greeks taught the after-world to do, so that men's admiration may be fascinated by the perfection of the works of the Great Author of all, and men's life thus may be a continual joy and solace."

The aim set forth in this declaration is not the aim of any school, however distinguished, but the aim, conscious or unconscious, of all great painters. It has been constantly pursued throughout the life of him who wrote these words; if we did not put this first, we should err.

The secondary purpose of his work—to give England what she has never had before, a school of artists of her own—of vast and infinite grandeur though it be, is yet subservient.

Many technical questions beset a true revival which are of deeper interest to the actors in it than to the public at large. Such was the question of the introduction of oil as a

PLATE VII.—THE HIRELING SHEPHERD

" As to the pure white ground, you had better adopt that at once, as, I can assure you, you will be forced to do so ultimately, for Hunt and Millais, whose works already kill everything in the exhibition for brilliancy, will in a few years force every one who will not drag behind them to use their methods."

Ford Madox Brown to Lowes Dickenson.

This picture is to be seen at Manchester Art Gallery.

medium in the old days; such was the question of the proper way to render brightness in our air. "You vagabond!" said Millais—as he watched Hunt painting in transparent colour, with light sable brushes, over a ground of half-moist white, the landscape of "The Hireling Shepherd"—"that's just the way I paint flowers!" They had arrived at this method by independent lines of thought. To them, and to their brother artists, it was most important. Millais, delighted, proposed that they should keep it a secret—and instantly confided it to Ford Madox Brown. The outer world was more concerned with the fact that the sun could be made to shine upon canvas than with the way in which it was brought about. The one inevitable condition of the truth of a revival is always, by one method or by another, a return to Nature. This had been accomplished; and the world, as ever, divided—the few hailing what they saw as a revelation, the many denouncing it as heresy.

When a picture by the first Pre-Raphaelite was carried in triumph through the streets of Florence there were those who named that

quarter Borgo Allegri; but there were those who declared that art was at an end now the Byzantine tradition had been broken. When the pictures of the last Pre-Raphaelite shone out at Burlington House, there were happy people who vowed they looked like "openings in the wall"; there were also those who declared that art had come to an end now the tradition of Raphael was ignored. Steadily, through evil report and good report, the painter went his way. He did not hold—as Millais came to hold in after years—that it was the business of the artist to find out what most people wanted, and to paint that. He did not hold—as Rossetti held—that it was the business of the artist to impose his will on a select band of followers, trained by himself to believe that the age of Dante was the Golden Age, and that colour should be based on the principles of illumination. He held that an artist was accountable to God. He held that an Englishman should study those minds, those words, which have more power over England than any others—should help to make those clear.

Shakespeare had led him to "rate lightly

that kind of art devised only for the initiated, and to suspect all philosophies which assume that the vulgar are to be left for ever unredeemed."

He hated newspapers because "the influence of writers who have had no other qualification to judge of art matters than the possession of more or less literary facility, has been deterrent and ever fatal to a steady advance of taste."

There are two aspects. Art "presents the form of a nation's spirit, exactly as the sounding atoms on a vibrating plane make a constant and distinct pattern to the sound of a given note." Likewise, "All art from the beginning served for the higher development of men's minds. It has ever been valued as good to sustain strength for noble resolves."

Determined to serve his generation, not as a playfellow, not as a tyrant, but as a master, he followed singly and faithfully that conviction which had led him from childhood to think of the Bible as the great factor in human exist-

ence. To the interpretation of the Life of Christ he gave the best years of his manhood. In order to understand it more thoroughly he broke away from comfort, he risked success at the moment when first she smiled on him, he left the friend whom he loved. It was not enough to paint "The Light of the World," to set before the eyes of his countrymen the eternal King, the eternal Priest, knocking at the door of the human heart, barred darkly in behind the weeds of selfishness. He would go to the country where the King dwelt. He would show:

(1) The coming of God to earth, as it was seen by the dim eyes of tradition, of mortal learnedness, when there was found within the precincts of the Temple, among the Rabbis, a Child who had forgotten to return to his parents.

(2) The oneness of Creation in the form of the suffering creature dying by the Dead Sea shore—the Goat, the type of the Lamb.

(3) The sacredness of labour, in the form of the Son of Man resting from toil in that low workshop where the Virgin Mother hoarded the gifts of regal wisdom.

(4) The young immortal beauty ever to be seen by the Child of God, by the spirit of maiden purity, turning the torrent of death into the river of life, making the darkness as the noon-day.

To the Bible, Holman Hunt gave his manhood—to Shakespeare, his youth! No one who desires to add to the store of England's thought but must, at one time or another, plunge deep into the mind of her greatest thinker. It is a sign of the unthinking nature of English art that, before this time, there were no illustrations of Shakespeare worth the name. It is characteristic of the pre-eminently thoughtful nature of this artist that he should have chosen two subjects that are often misunderstood, from two plays that are hardly ever acted—the subject of *Forgiveness* from the "Two Gentlemen of Verona;" the subject *Death-to-be-preferred-before-slavery* from "Measure for Measure."

The duty of the Forgiveness of Sins—which has been well defined in the one word, *Affection*—a duty canvassed and discussed everywhere—is, in Shakespeare, deprived of the very aspect of a duty. It seems to have appeared to him not only natural but inevitable that anybody should forgive anybody anything. The

most astounding of all his reconciliations is that of the "Two Gentlemen." Valentine has to forgive Proteus; Sylvia has to forgive Proteus and Valentine into the bargain; Julia has to forgive Proteus; and Proteus has to forgive himself. Upon the stage we have seen an actress, in despair at the difficulty of the thing, turn her back to the audience and lean against a tree while the discussion was going on; but in the picture Sylvia kneels, her hand left trustingly in that of Valentine, and we have no sooner looked at it than we believe and understand. It is the same with that difficult moment of "Measure for Measure," when the two sides of life speak in the brother and sister:

> "Death is a fearful thing,"
> "And shamed life a hateful."

The nun, we are sometimes told, is a repellent person; what business had she to urge her brother to die when she could save him by doing wrong herself? To look at "Claudio and Isabella" is to believe her and to understand.

Another picture owes its motto to one of Edgar's mad bursts of song in "King Lear."

> "Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
> Thy sheep be in the corn;
> And yet one blast of thy minnikin mouth,
> Thy sheep shall take no harm."

It is not an actual shepherd and shepherdess who are seated in this leafy English landscape, among the green pastures and by the still waters. Still less is it the kind of shepherd and shepherdess that Watteau, Fragonard, and the china manufactory of Dresden have accustomed us to associate with the words. Who and what are they, those careless people in the bright sunshine, letting the sheep eat the corn that kills them and the unripe apples? The shepherd's crook lies idle on the ground. He has found a death's-head moth; he is too busy showing it to his companion to have any use for that. She is flattered and pleased that he should attend to her rather than to the sheep.

When this picture was painted, the Oxford Movement was in the air; the shepherd and the shepherdess were alike busy with the death's-head moth.

Turning to modern minds, the poet whose word weighed most with England at the time was undoubtedly Tennyson. A verse from "In Memoriam" describes "The Ship." "The Lady of Shalott" gave the subject of a work which took twelve years in painting. It was enlarged from a small design in a volume of Tennyson illustrated by Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti; and by several other artists, not of their persuasion. This particular illustration did not find favour with the poet, he objected to the lady's hair, to her manner of wearing it. The dream has been changed into a profound allegory. The lady is — if we mistake not — the artist who, through neglect of the divine gift of reflective imagination, has failed in the high purpose of art. It was hers to weave the Quest of the Holy Grail, as she saw it in the magic mirror. If she had stayed at her appointed work, all

PLATE VIII.—MAY MORNING

"This subject was the ceremony of May Morning, Magdalen Tower, Oxford, at sunrise, when the choristers, in perpetuation of a service which is a survival of primitive Sun-worship—perhaps Druidical—sing a hymn as the sun appears above the horizon. . . . For several weeks I mounted to the Tower roof about four in the morning with my small canvas to watch for the first rays of the rising sun, and to choose the sky which was most suitable for the subject. When all was settled I repeated the composition upon a larger canvas." *W. H. H.*

The picture is at the painter's home in Kensington.

had gone well. But she looked out of window to see Sir Lancelot—not the Sir Lancelot of Tennyson, but a boastful, pleasure-loving knight, going on his way in the sunlight, with two trumpeters before him. Then came the curse upon her, for the order of the world was broken, the order of the world all about her, in the flower of the earth, in the bird of the air, in the stars, governed and guided each by its own angel. On one side of her room order is strength as seen in Hercules—on the other submission, as typified in the earlier design by the Cross, in the later by the Nativity. This order she has broken, against this order she has sinned. The lovely picture of her weaving the likeness of the Holy Grail itself will come to naught. But up above there chimes the one word, *Spes;* even for those who have failed there is hope.

The lady was trying to be a realist:

> "Out flew the web, and floated wide.
> The mirror cracked from side to side."

"A man's work must be the reflex of a living image in his own mind, and not the icy double of the facts themselves. It will be seen that we were never realists. I think art would have ceased to have the slightest interest for any of us had the object been only to make a representation, elaborate or unelaborate, of a fact in nature. Independently of the conviction that such a system would put out of operation the faculty making man "like a God," it was apparent that a mere imitator gradually comes to see nature claylike and finite, as it seems when illness brings a cloud before the eyes."

The practice of making independent studies for pictures which was dear to the heart of Rossetti, was discouraged by Hunt and Millais because they feared to lose unity of effect if they dwelt upon details except in their relation to the whole. They painted, first the background, after the manner described, straight from Nature; if possible, they placed the figures in the open air and studied them outside the studio walls.

There are curious differences to be noted whenever the picture is repeated, and they seem to be always in the direction of something more complex than the original. In the larger version of "The Hireling Shepherd," he is far more subtle and sophisticated, while the shepherdess looks older and more scornful. In the smaller version of "The Triumph of the Innocents," the hues of a soft, moonlit night prevail, the Virgin is just a sweet mother, the Child is blessing the children. In the larger version moonlight intensified, which was found by means of a lens to be that of the sun, bathes the children; the Virgin, who is much older, gazes upon them with eyes in which a joyful wonder seems to be fighting still with almost unconquerable sorrow; the Child, a wheat-ear in his hand, has thrown himself back in an ecstasy of divine laughter. The large water-colour of "Christ among the Rabbis," the rainbow halo encircling the head of the Child as he meditates, while the dark-eyed boys, Nicodemus and Stephen, look on, is

different in every respect from "The Finding in the Temple."

IV

PORTRAITS AND OTHER WORKS

"An artist should always make sure that in his treatment of Nature alone he is able to incorporat some new enchantment to justify his claim as a master of his craft, doing this at times without any special interest in the subject he may illustrate." W. H. H.

The principle given above has been followed in such works as "Amaryllis," "The Bride of Bethlehem," and "Sorrow."

There is but one portrait reproduced in this book, and that a copy of a very early one which was rescued from destruction by the artist's mother. He was going to rub it out that he might use the ground for something else, and he objected to the rescue because it would cost him 3s. 6d.; but she stood firm. The portrait painted of himself in later life, palette in hand, was executed for the gallery of great artists by themselves at the Uffizi. The haunting "Head of Rossetti," with fixed, intent eyes, was taken

from a pastel sketch, made for Woolner when he was out in Melbourne. He had appealed to his Pre-Raphaelite Brothers to give him some tangible proof of their kinship which would help him to find clients, because their names were better known than his, and often in the paper. They held a meeting, therefore, in Millais' studio, worked the whole day, and sent him out their portraits by each other. Rossetti's absorbed gaze is explained by the fact that he was drawing Hunt at the moment. "Bianca" was painted in tempera from a beautiful young American.

One portrait called "The Birthday"—the picture of a lady—could not but be wronged by any description whatever.

Day after day last autumn, two little rooms in Leicester Square were crowded with eager thousands, thronging to gaze upon the pictures that, when they first appeared, no one would buy. Outside, the fog often held sway. Within, light shone from every wall, the light of dawn from "May Morning"; the glowing light of

noonday from "The Strayed Sheep"; moonlight from "The Ship"; soft starlight from "The Triumph"; the light upon the sea, the downs, the mountains, the faces of men and women in the open field; the light of strange fire; the light of human eyes inspired with hope and purpose; the radiant light of spiritual force.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE CHIEF PICTURES MENTIONED

Portrait of the Artist by Himself at Seventeen	1844
Woodstock (first picture sold—for £20)	1846
The Eve of St. Agnes (The Flight of Madeline's Porphyro)	1846
Rienzi	1848
A Converted British Family sheltering a Missionary	1850
Claudio and Isabella	1850
Valentine and Sylvia	1851
The Hireling Shepherd	1851
The Strayed Sheep	1852
The Light of the World	1853
The Awakened Conscience	1853
The Scapegoat	1854
The Finding of Christ in the Temple	1854
Isabella, or The Pot of Basil	1867
The Shadow of Death	1869
The Ship	1875

78 LIST OF PICTURES

The Triumph of the Innocents	1875–1882
May Morning	1889
The Lady of Shalott	1889
The Holy Fire	1892

These dates are approximate; the painting of many of the pictures extended over several years.

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MASTERPIECES
IN COLOUR
EDITED BY - -
T. LEMAN HARE

ROSSETTI

In the Same Series

Artist.	Author.
VELAZQUEZ.	S. L. Bensusan.
REYNOLDS.	S. L. Bensusan.
TURNER.	C. Lewis Hind.
ROMNEY.	C. Lewis Hind.
GREUZE.	Alys Eyre Macklin.
BOTTICELLI.	Henry B. Binns.
ROSSETTI.	Lucien Pissarro.
BELLINI.	George Hay.
FRA ANGELICO.	James Mason.
REMBRANDT.	Josef Israels.
LEIGHTON.	A. Lys Baldry.
RAPHAEL.	Paul G. Konody.
HOLMAN HUNT.	Mary E. Coleridge.
TITIAN.	S. L. Bensusan.
CARLO DOLCI.	George Hay.
LUINI.	James Mason.
TINTORETTO.	S. L. Bensusan.

Others in Preparation.

PLATE I.—THE DAYDREAM

From the oil painting (61½ in. by 35 in.) painted in 1880 and first exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1883. (Frontispiece)

This picture was painted from Mrs. William Morris and was left to South Kensington by Constantine Ionidès, Esq.

ROSSETTI

BY LUCIEN PISSARRO

ILLUSTRATED WITH EIGHT REPRODUCTIONS IN COLOUR

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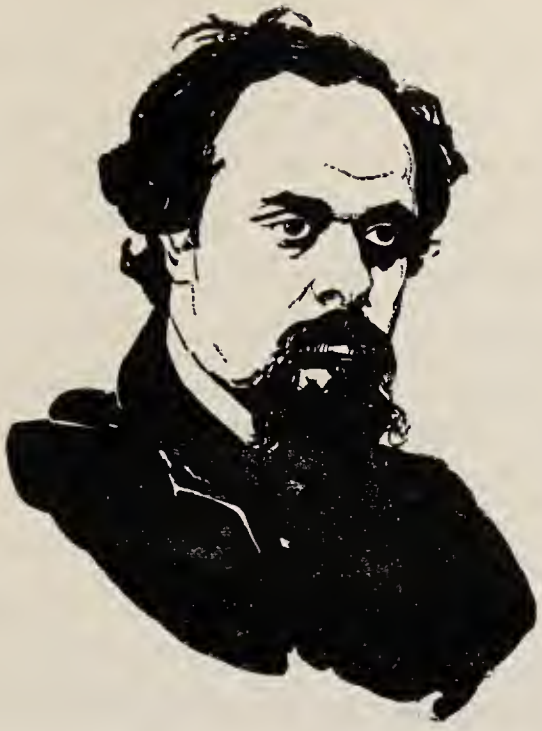
From the Oil Painting in the Manchester Art Gallery



I

ABOUT the middle of the nineteenth century Europe woke to the fact that Art, despite its pretention, had lost all touch with tradition and, like a blind man deprived of his staff, stood fumbling for direction. The necessary "point d'appui"

took shape in a return to nature. This return was effected by very different means according to the country and artistic milieu in which it occurred. In England it was really a revival of the schools of painting that preceded Raphael and resulted in grafting the complicated passions of our century upon the naïve outlook of the early Italians. The more logical mind of the Frenchman saw that it was not enough to look at nature through the eyes of the Primitives. The point of view had perforce changed and all that it was necessary to borrow from the early schools was the sincerity they brought to the interpretation of phenomena.

We have been told that, in contrast to the continental movement, the realism of the Pre-Raphaelites was applied only to noble subjects. But what is a noble subject? The distinction is a purely literary one. There are no noble subjects in art; there are only harmonies of line and colour.

For example this school would prefer the rose to the cabbage as a subject, on account of the symbols attached to it. It is the Queen of Flowers, the Mystic Rose, &c., &c. But is the rose greater than the cabbage from a purely pictorial point of view? It depends entirely upon how far the painter is able to reveal the beauty, the harmony of form and colour of either. The symbolistic appanage of the rose will not suffice of itself to make a picture, nor for the lack of these symbols may we condemn the cabbage.

The realism of the Pre-Raphaelites developed an absorption in detail, a "bit by bit" painting that was too often detrimental to the whole. In the best works of the early Italians the unity is, in spite of that attention to detail, admirably maintained — in other words the values are preserved. It was not long, however, before Rossetti quitted the path of the Pre-Raphaelites for a broader one. His paintings are entirely symbolistic, therefore literary. Given the personality of

an artist equally gifted as painter and poet, this need not surprise us. Indeed, seeing that Rossetti's pictorial conceptions are exclusively literary, he might be considered as more dominantly a writer than a painter; and this is the light in which he saw himself. We might say he painted "sentiments" and add that sentiment is the property of literature, but in Rossetti's case they have at least the advantage of intensity. They come straight from life, for all his art is more or less connected with the tragedy of his own existence. Herein lies the value of Rossetti's works as artistic creations.

II

Rossetti's family, as his name indicates, was of Italian origin. His ancestors on his father's side belong to Vasto d'Ammone, a small city of the Abruzzi. The original

PLATE II.—ECCE ANCILLA DOMINI

From the oil painting (28½ in. by 17 in.) painted in 1850 and is now in the Tate Gallery

This picture was first exhibited in 1850 at the "Free Exhibition" in Portland Place. It was very slightly retouched in 1873 for the then owner, Mr. Graham. It is rightly considered the most typical of Rossetti's "Pre-Raphaelite" period.

name of the family was Della Guardia. Probably the diminutive Rossetti was given to some red-haired ancestor and retained in spite of the disappearance of that peculiarity. The grandfather of the poet, Dominico Rossetti, was in the iron trade, his son Gabriel Rossetti, born at Vasto, became a custodian of the Bourbon Museum at Naples. He was an ardent patriot and one of the group of reformers who obtained a constitution from Ferdinand, King of the Two Sicilies, in 1820. The return of the King with the Austrian army obliged Gabriel Rossetti, who was compromised by his actions as well as by his patriotic songs, to make his escape from Italy. He did this by the help of the English admiral, commanding the fleet in the bay. Indeed he left Italy disguised in an English uniform.

After passing three years in Malta (1822–1825), he came to England bearing introductions from John Hookham Frere, then Governor of Malta. A year after his arrival

he married Frances Mary Livinia Polidori, whose mother was an English lady of the name of Pierce, while her father was Gaetano Polidori, the translator of Milton. Gabriel Rossetti was appointed Professor of Italian literature at King's College in 1831; but owing to the failure of his eyesight he had to resign that position in 1845. He died nine years after, on April 26th, 1854. He is the author of several works, the best known in England are: *Comento analitico sulla Divina Commedia* (1826–1827); *Sullo Spirito Anti-Papale* (1832); and *Il Mistero dell' Amor Platonic* (1840). In Italy, particularly in his own province, his name is held in veneration for services in the cause of liberty. He had four children, the eldest, Maria Francesca, the author of "A Shadow of Dante," died in 1876. Dante Gabriel was the second and was born the 12th of May 1828 at 38 Charlotte Street, Great Portland Place, London. William Michael was the third, and Christina was the youngest.

Very little is known of the early life of Rossetti. He received some instruction at a private school in Foley Street, Portland Place, studying there from the autumn of 1836 to the summer of 1837. He was afterwards sent to King's College School. There he learned Latin, French, and a little Greek. Naturally enough he knew Italian very well from home and also a little German. In his home surroundings the young child's taste for literature was developed very early; at five years old he wrote a drama called "The Slave." Towards his thirteenth year he began a romantic tale in prose, "Roderick and Rosalba." Somewhere about 1843 he wrote a legendary tale entitled "Sir Hugh Le Heron," founded on a tale by Allan Cunningham. His grandfather Gaetano Polidori printed it himself for private circulation, but the work contains no sign of his ultimate development and has been justly omitted from his collected works. Soon the wish to be a painter took possession of

Dante Gabriel and, on leaving school, he began his technical education in art at Cary's Academy in Bloomsbury. In 1846 he joined the classes of the Antique School of the Royal Academy. It is worth pointing out that he never followed the Life School of that institution. Conventional methods of study were distasteful to him. He decided to throw up the Academy training and wrote to a painter, not very well known at that date but whose work he admired, asking to be admitted to his studio as a pupil. The painter was Madox Brown, and young Rossetti, given his needs and mode of thought, could not have chosen a more suitable master. Madox Brown was only seven years older than Rossetti, but he had studied at Ghent, Antwerp, Paris, and Rome. He had exhibited some fine cartoons during the early forties for the decoration of the House of Lords. Among these was one that Rossetti had greatly admired at the exhibition of the competitive cartoons in West-

minster Hall. It was "Harold's body brought before William the Conqueror." In March 1848 Rossetti entered upon his new experience and Madox Brown agreed to teach him painting, not for a fee but for the mere pleasure of meeting and training a sympathetic spirit. Rossetti did not long remain a regular attendant in the studio. He left after a few months.

On the opening day of the exhibition (May 1848), "Rossetti," says Mr. Hunt, "came up boisterously and in loud tongue made me feel very confused by declaring that mine was the best picture of the year. The fact that it was from Keats ('The Eve of St. Agnes') made him extra enthusiastic, for, I think, no painter had ever before painted from that wonderful poet, who then, it may scarcely be credited, was little known." Rossetti wished so earnestly to become more intimate with Hunt that he agreed to work with him, sharing a studio that the latter had just taken in Cleveland Street, Fitzroy

Square. Here he began to paint his first composition, having hitherto done no more than studies, sketches, a number of portraits, some of which reveal excellent work. At this time his literary development was somewhat ahead of his artistic growth. He had already translated the *Vita Nuova* which is alone a monumental achievement, introducing wonderfully into the English the warmth of the southern language; and he had written some of his best known poems, including "The Blessed Damozel," "My Sister's Sleep," "The Portrait," a considerable portion of "Ave," "A last Confession," and the "Bride's Prelude."

Millais and Holman Hunt, whose friendship dated from the Academy Schools, found ground for sympathetic union with Rossetti in their common distaste for contemporary art. They were convinced it was necessary to abandon the conventional style of the day and return to a severe and conscientious study of nature. They were for a while un-

certain as to the path to pursue. Where should they turn for precept and guidance on the line of their new-found principles? Looking through a book of engravings from the Campo Santo of Pisa one day at Millais' house, they thought they had found there the direction they sought. Mr. Holman Hunt tells us that the foundation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was the immediate result of coming across the book at that particular time.

While Holman Hunt was painting "Rienzi swearing revenge over his brother's corpse," and Millais, "Lorenzo and Isabella," Rossetti began his "Girlhood of Mary Virgin." As can well be imagined that first composition gave him endless trouble and was the cause of the most violent fits of alternate depression and energy. But the following spring (1849), the three pictures were ready for exhibition. Millais and Hunt were hung in the Royal Academy Exhibition and Rossetti's in the so-called Free Exhibition, which was held in

a gallery at Hyde Park Corner. In the "Girlhood of Mary Virgin," he represents a room in the Virgin's home with a balcony on which her father, St. Joachim, is seen tending a vine which grows up towards the top of the picture. On the right, against a dark green curtain, are the figures of St. Anna and the Virgin sitting at an embroidery frame. The mother, in dark green and brown garments with a dull red head-dress, is watching with clasped hands the work in front of her. The young girl, a quite unconventional Madonna dressed in grey, pauses with a needle in her hand gazing in front of her at a child angel holding a white lily. Underneath the pot in which the white lily grows are six big books bearing the names of the six cardinal virtues. The figures, as well as the dove which is perched on the trellis, bear halos, their names being inscribed within. Rossetti painted his mother for St. Anna and his sister Christina for the Virgin. Changing her dark brown hair to golden, he broke a rule of the

PLATE III.—DANTE DRAWING THE ANGEL

From the water-colour (16½ in. by 24 in.) painted in 1853 and first exhibited in the Pre-Raphaelite Exhibition at Russell Place in 1857. It is now in the Taylorian Museum at Oxford

The subject of this water-colour is taken from the following passage in the Vita Nuova:

> "On that day which fulfilled the year since my lady had been made of the citizens of eternal life, remembering me of her as I sat alone, I betook myself to draw the resemblance of an angel upon certain tablets. And while I did thus, chancing to turn my head I perceived that some were standing beside me, to whom I should have given courteous welcome, and that they were observing what I did: also I learned afterwards that they had been there awhile before I perceived them. Perceiving whom, I arose for salutation and said: 'Another was with me.'"

The same incident has been commemorated by Robert Browning in his "One Word More."

Brotherhood, which decrees that the artist shall copy his model most scrupulously. The picture was signed with his name, followed by the three letters P.R.B. Rossetti having revealed the meaning of these three letters to a friend it was soon generally known and no peace was given to those who dared to stand up against traditional authority. It is necessary to explain that, at that time, Raphael was considered the greatest of all painters. All who came before him were ignored and a set of fixed rules supposed to have been deduced from his work was taught in all the schools. The revolt of the "Brethren" was directed much more against those rules than against Raphael's work which, in all probability, they hardly knew.

At about the same time that he painted "Mary's Girlhood," Rossetti did a portrait in oils of his father, his first work of this kind. He also drew an outline design of a lute player and his lady, a subject taken from Coleridge's "Genevieve"; a pen-and-ink

drawing of "Gretchen in the Chapel," with Mephistopheles whispering in her ear, and "The Sun may shine and we be cold," a sketch of a girl near a window, apparently a prisoner. To this period also belongs the important pen-and-ink drawing, "Il Saluto di Beatrice," representing in two parts the meeting of Dante and Beatrice, first in a street of Florence and secondly in Paradise.

The most important of Rossetti's Pre-Raphaelite work during the two years following 1848 is the "Ecce Ancilla Domini," quite in keeping in sentiment with the picture of the previous year. Both these pictures are a little timid in treatment. In the "Ecce Ancilla Domini," the Virgin clad in white is sitting on her bed, as if just awakened, and sees with awe the full length of an angel, also clad in white, floating in front of her and holding a white lily in his hand. The walls are white but there is a blue curtain behind the Virgin's head and a red embroidery on its frame is standing in

the foreground at the foot of the bed. The drapery of the angel is a little stiff and the whole effect rather hard, but notwithstanding this youthful fault the whole work is restrained and full of charm both in drawing and colour.

This picture was exhibited in 1850 at the same Free Exhibition, which was moved this year from Hyde Park Corner to Portland Place.

The Pre-Raphaelites were now attacked by the press still more fiercely than before, but they found a champion in Ruskin who took up their defence in a series of letters to the *Times*, and in so doing laid down an elaborate statement of principles. Thus it came about that the broad and possibly nebulous ideas of the Brethren became transmuted into hard and fast rules, which the young painters had to accept, partly out of gratitude to their benefactor, partly because they agreed with them. Rossetti painted only three pictures strictly according to

the Pre-Raphaelite rules. Curiously enough the best genuine Pre-Raphaelite picture is "Work" by Ford Madox Brown, who not believing in cliques refused to join the group.

Round Rossetti were grouped his brother, William Michael, his sister Christina, with Woolner, Collinson, Deverell, Millais, Hunt, Madox Brown, William Bell Scott, and Coventry Patmore. Of all these Hunt and Millais alone showed no inclination for writing. The group naturally formed a school of literary thought of which "The Germ," originated by Rossetti to propagate the ideas of the P.R.B., was the outcome.

The cumbrous title "Monthly Thoughts in Literature, Poetry, and Art," was first intended to be the title of this special publication of the brotherhood, but at a meeting held in Rossetti's studio, 72 Newman Street, in December 1849, when the first number was just ready for publication it was decided to change the name for the

simple title "The Germ." This was proposed by Mr. Cave Thomas, an intimate friend of the group.

To the first number Rossetti contributed "My Sister's Sleep," and a prose romance "Hand and Soul." Following numbers contained "The Blessed Damozel," "The Carillon," "Sea limits" (under the title "From the Cliffs"), and several sonnets. Only the first two numbers of the publication were called "The Germ." The publication was known as "Art and Poetry" in the third and fourth issues.

"The Germ," as its short career showed, did not meet with success, but it served to establish Rossetti's reputation among a small group of artists and admirers. Rossetti's literary contributions were far more matured than his paintings and it is surprising that they did not attract more attention. "Hand and Soul" is specially valuable as bearing a record of psychological experiences which gives a clear glimpse of Rossetti's mind.

III

The storm of abuse caused by his two first pictures assisted a natural inclination to give up his first source of religio-mystical inspiration. Gradually the young painter groped his way towards romantic subjects and discovered a rich mine of them in the works of Browning, Dante, Keats, and the "Morte d'Arthur" of Malory. He may be said to have found there the subjects of most of his compositions, and his works inspired by these poets are delightfully full of originality and ingenuity.

He tried first a large canvas from the page's song in "Pippa Passes" but had to abandon it. The composition of it remains in a little painting called "Hist, said Kate the Queen," dated 1851. He executed two other pen-and-ink designs from Browning entitled "Taurellos' first sight of Fortune"

and the "Laboratory," at about the same time. Probably the latter was his first essay in water-colour, it is very different from those for which he is popularly known.

In "Beatrice at the Wedding Feast, denying her salutation to Dante," a small water-colour of 1849 from the "Vita Nuova," the central figure is a portrait of Miss Elizabeth Siddal who became acquainted with Rossetti at about this date. She was the daughter of a Sheffield cutler and was working in a milliner's shop. Walter Deverell discovered her one day, when he was shopping with his mother. He persuaded her to sit for him for his "Viola" and later to Rossetti. Her portrait can be seen in a picture by Holman Hunt and in Millais' Ophelia. Miss Siddal sat for most of the women in Rossetti's earliest and finest water-colours.

To 1851 belongs the beautiful little composition called "Borgia," in which Lucrezia can be seen dressed in an ample white gown brightened all over with coloured ribbons

and bows, sitting with a lute in her hands. In the foreground two children are dancing. Leaning over her left shoulder is the Pope Alexander VI., while her brother Cæsar stands on the other side beating time with a knife against a wine-glass on the table.

Rossetti was not long in discovering that Miss Siddal had a strong aptitude for art. With his special gift of influencing others the position of model was soon merged into that of a pupil. Under his guidance Miss Siddal made rapid progress and her water-colours show a fine sense of colour.

The sympathy between artist and pupil ripened into affection. The exact date of their engagement is not known, but it was probably in 1853, certainly not later than 1854, and was at first kept secret at Miss Siddal's request.

To the year 1854 belongs the water-colour, "King Arthur's Tomb," in which Lancelot and Guenevere are seen bidding farewell over

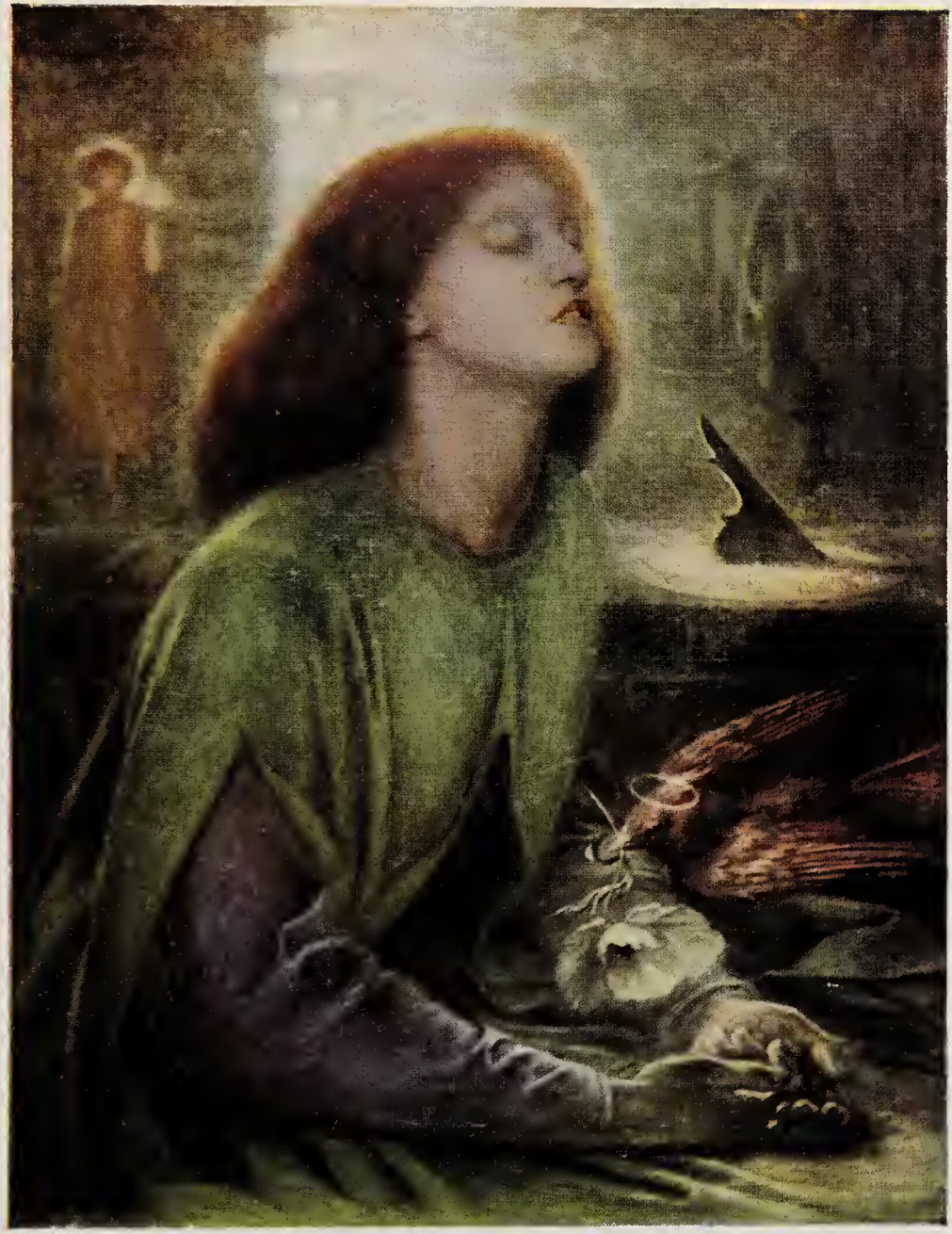
PLATE IV.—BEATA BEATRIX

From the oil painting (34 in. by 27 in.) painted in 1863 for Lord Mount-Temple, now in the Tate Gallery

Though undoubtedly inspired by the death of his wife, the motive of this picture was ostensibly taken from the Vita Nuova. The Latin quotation inscribed on the frame, which was designed by Rossetti himself, is taken from the following passage:

> "After this most gracious creature had gone out from among us, the whole city came to be as it were widowed and despoiled of all dignity. Then I, left mourning in this desolate city, wrote unto the principal persons thereof, in an epistle, concerning its condition; taking for my commencement those words of Jeremias: Quomodo sedet sola civitas! etc."

The date of the death of Beatrice is also inscribed on the frame.



the tomb of King Arthur; and to the following year belong the three water-colours, "The Nativity," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," and the "Annunciation," as well as the drawing for a wood-cut, illustrating a poem called "The Maids of Elfen-Mere" by William Allingham.

The artistic and romantic force which had produced the Pre-Raphaelite movement had another important work to do five or six years later, when a fusion of two movements took place: the early Pre-Raphaelites represented by Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and Millais, joined the later movement inaugurated by Morris and Burne-Jones. The second of these groups originated at Exeter College, Oxford. It took shape like the first one in a revolt against the Art formulæ of the age. The Oxford group, like the P.R.B., had a magazine to express their views.

At Christmas 1855 Burne-Jones came up to London and was introduced to Rossetti, whom he and Morris admired greatly. Ros-

setti contributed "The Burden of Nineveh," and a little altered version of "The Blessed Damozel" to the "Oxford and Cambridge Magazine," the organ of William Morris.

One year later Burne-Jones and Morris settled in London in rooms at 17 Red Lion Square. Both young men were soon completely under Rossetti's influence, and their studio became a sort of centre for all members of his circle. There, in order to furnish and decorate these rooms, the first essays in designing furniture were made. Rossetti painted a pair of panels for a cabinet. He made use of the subject of his early pen-and-ink drawing, "The Salutation of Beatrice," representing, in two divisions, Dante meeting Beatrice in Florence and again in Paradise, with a figure of Love standing between them in the midst of symbols. Besides those panels Rossetti painted on the backs of two arm-chairs, "Gwendolen in the Witch-tower" and the

"Arming of a Knight," both subjects from poems by William Morris.

To 1857 belongs the charming series of water-colours acquired by William Morris: "The Damsel of the St. Grael," "The Death of Breuse sans pitié," "The Chapel before the Lists," "The Tune of Seven Towers," and "The Blue Closet." The two last were special favourites with Morris who used their romantic titles for two of his poems. This year also, he painted the "Wedding of St. George," "The Gate of Memory," "The Garden Bower," and a "Christmas Carol."

During the vacation of 1857 Rossetti went to Oxford with Morris to visit the architect, Benjamin Woodward, who was constructing a debating-hall for the Union Society. Rossetti saw an opportunity for mural decoration, and arrangements were made with the building committee in charge that seven artists including Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Morris, should undertake the decoration gratuitously, the Union only

defraying their expenses at Oxford and providing all necessary material. Rossetti took for subjects, "Launcelot asleep before the Chapel of the Sanc Grael" and "Sir Galahad, Sir Bors, and Sir Percival, receiving the Sanc Grael." Before the pictures were finished they began to fade, the walls having been badly prepared and Rossetti's designs were never completed.

While at Oxford, in the summer of 1857, at the theatre, Rossetti was very much impressed one night by the striking beauty of Miss Burden, the daughter of an Oxford resident. He obtained an introduction in order to ask for sittings. A pen-and-ink head called "Queen Guinevere," probably meant to replace the earlier studies done for "Launcelot at the Shrine," was the first result of the new acquaintance. Several years later, after the death of his wife, Miss Burden, then Mrs. William Morris, again sat to Rossetti for several of his important pictures.

PLATE V.—THE BOWER MEADOW

From the oil painting (32 in. by 25 in.) in the collection of the late Sir John Milburn, Bart., Acklington, Northumberland

Of this charming composition the landscape background was painted at Sevenoaks in 1850, and the figures were added and the whole finished in 1872.

IV

On the 23rd of May 1860, the long delayed marriage of Rossetti to Miss Siddal took place in St. Clement's Church, Hastings, and the married couple went to Paris for their honeymoon. While staying there Rossetti did two pen-and-ink drawings one of which called "How they meet themselves," was done to replace the one made in 1851 and lost; the other representing a scene from the "Life of Johnson" by Boswell, quite an unusual subject for the artist. To the same year belongs the picture representing Lucrezia Borgia washing her hands after preparing poison for her husband the Duke Alphonso of Bisceglia.

In 1861 Rossetti's translation from the Italian poets was at last published with the "Vita Nuova" in a volume entitled "The Italian Poets from Cuillo d'Alcamo

to Dante Alighieri (1100, 1200, 1300)." The painter poet was enabled to publish this book through Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. by the generous assistance of Ruskin who advanced £100 to the publisher, but the sale of the first edition was only just sufficient to pay that sum back, leaving a balance of about £10 to the author. He proposed to etch for the frontispiece a charming design of which various pen-and-ink versions exist, but being displeased with the plate he destroyed it. In the same year he painted a small portrait of his wife called "Regina Cordium." The head with ruddy hair hanging loose on the shoulders against a gold background, fills nearly all the canvas and a hand is seen on the left side of the picture holding a pansy. More than one replica of that portrait exists, and several heads from different sitters are called "Regina Cordium." Another important production of the year is "Cassandra." The subject is a scene on the walls of Troy

before Hector's last battle. He has been warned in vain by the prophetess, who is seen leaning against a pillar, tearing her clothes in despair. Hector is rushing down the steps, and the whole composition is full of soldiers, every space being filled with some incident related to the central subject, giving that aspect of concentrated composition so special to Rossetti.

The two years following his marriage (1860–1862) were amongst the most prolific of Rossetti's life both in ideas and invention. Besides "Cassandra" he planned the composition for a large picture which was commissioned but never finished, representing Perseus with the Medusa's head; and he made the first pencil studies for his famous "Beata Beatrix."

With 1862 is associated the water-colour, "Bethlehem Gate." It is also about this time (1861–1862) that the now famous firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co. was established with the co-operation of William

Morris, Faulkner, Burne-Jones, Madox Brown, Webb, and others as active members.

The idea of the commercial attempt on the artistic lines to reform the art of decoration and furniture-making was, says Mr. Mackail, largely due to Madox Brown, but perhaps more to Rossetti, who, in spite of his artistic qualities, was a very good business man and had the scent of a trained financier for anything likely to pay. The little band of original artists and designers took in hand tapestry, furniture, wall papers, stained-glass, and later on, carpet weaving and dyeing. The terms under which they worked were very simple. Each member was to be paid for the work commissioned by the firm, and the profits were to be divided in a proper ratio at the end.

The new firm had plenty to do owing to the demand for ritual decorations caused by the Anglo-Catholic movement. Amongst the first commissions were those for adorn-

ing two new churches then being built—St. Martin-on-the-Hill, Scarborough, and St. Michael at Brighton. For the first one Rossetti made a design for two pulpit panels and several windows.

In dealing with stained-glass Rossetti who was specially gifted as a decorator, understood his medium, and in making his design took into account all the limitations of the material. He did not seek to paint a picture on glass, but maintained that idea of a mosaic of coloured-glass that is seen to so much advantage in the early *vitraux*.

Amongst works designed by him for the firm Morris & Co. the following may be mentioned: "Adam and Eve," two designs for stained-glass, and "St. George and the Dragon," six designs for stained-glass. One of them representing the princess drawing the fatal lot he painted as a water-colour. "King Rene's Honeymoon," a design for one of four panels representing the Arts, was done for a gothic cabinet that Mr. J. P. Seddon

ordered from Morris & Co. Rossetti's design for "Music" shows the king bent over a chamber-organ kissing his bride while she is playing. He designed also one of the minor panels "Gardening." There is a water-colour of the same subject under the title of "Spring." "Amor, Amans, Amata," were three small figures in ovals, done for the back of a sofa, which Rossetti had made for himself. He kept it for many years in his house at Chelsea. "Sir Tristran and la Belle Iseult drinking the Love potion" was a fine design intended to be one of a series of stained-glass windows. "King Rene's Honeymoon" was done for a series of stained-glass windows. "The Annunciation" is a design for a window, quite different from the early version of the same subject. "Threshing" is a design for a glazed tile. "The Sermon on the Mount" was done for a memorial window in Christ Church, Albany Street, erected in 1869 to the memory of his aunt, Miss Polidori.

In either 1861 or 1862 Rossetti designed two illustrations for his sister Christina's book of poems "Goblin Market." They were engraved on wood and appear in Messrs. Macmillan's edition.

In May 1861 Mrs. Rossetti gave birth to a still-born child. Her recovery was slow, and this trouble did not improve her consumptive tendencies. She suffered, too, from a very severe form of neuralgia, for which laudanum was prescribed.

On the night of the 11th of February 1862 she took an overdose and Rossetti, returning home from lecturing at the Working Men's College, found her dying. In a terrible state of anxiety, after seeking one doctor after another, he called in Madox Brown for help, but all in vain. The following morning his wife died, after only two years of married life. The grief of Rossetti was overwhelming and the touching scene in which he buried the manuscript of his poems with his beloved wife has been told many a time.

V

After this tragic event Rossetti could no longer live in the rooms he had occupied at Chatham Place. He looked for some others, living meanwhile for a few months in a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Then he took a lease of the house at No. 16 Cheyne Walk, sharing it at first with Swinburne and Meredith. Mr. Meredith did not stay long and after awhile Mr. Swinburne also gave up his tenancy, leaving Rossetti sole occupant of the premises.

One of the last works he did before his misfortune, and the last picture for which his wife sat to him, was the water-colour of "St. George and the Princess Sabra." For sometime after the blow of his wife's death he was idle. The first things he did after his recovery was a crayon portrait of his mother (1862) followed by "The Girl at a Lattice,"

PLATE VI.—THE BORGIA FAMILY

From the water-colour painted in 1873 and lately purchased by the South Kensington Museum

Rossetti first painted this subject in 1851—a smaller size 9½ by 10 in. It is one of the richest of his small compositions

"Joan of Arc," and a replica of his early "Paolo and Francesca."

The celebrated picture of "Beata Beatrix," now in the Tate Gallery is dated 1863, but was finished later, being only partly painted in that year. In Rossetti's own words the following is a description of the picture: "The picture illustrates the *Vita Nuova*, embodying symbolically the death of Beatrice as treated in that work. The picture is not intended at all to represent death, but to render it under the semblance of a trance in which Beatrice, seated at a balcony overlooking the city, is suddenly rapt from earth to heaven. . . ."

The whole strikes a sombre note apart from its symbolic representation through its delicious purple harmony. The city in the sunset light in the distance, supposed to be Florence, is very like London in atmospheric effect. Beatrice is seen sitting at the balcony against the sunset background, with the light playing round her golden auburn

hair, in fashion suggesting an aureole. She is dressed in green with dull purple sleeves. A bright red bird holding in its beak a dim purple poppy, emblem of death, is flying towards her. In the misty distance the figures of Dante and Love are watching her. Rossetti painted in 1872 a replica of that picture, adding to the main subject the meeting of Dante and Beatrice in Paradise, with maidens bearing instruments of music. He was rather reluctant to send out that replica, but the unwillingness was overcome. He painted several others, none of them being equal in quality to the original.

In 1863 Rossetti painted an oil picture called "Helen of Troy," and the last of the St. George subjects, representing St. George killing the dragon, which is a water-colour version of the stained-glass series. Then come three small subjects, "Belcolore," a girl in a circular frame biting a rosebud. Of this there is a red chalk study and a water-colour version, "Brimfull," a water-colour

showing a lady stooping to sip from a full glass, and a picture called "A Lady in Yellow."

Rossetti now gave up painting those quaint little romantic subjects so intense in literary feeling and dramatic expression, and devoted himself to large single figures upon a background of rich accessories.

When a painter makes a single figure the central interest of his picture, he must, to a certain extent, avail himself of psychological facts in the model before him, for if he recognises no limits to the foreign sentiment and character he may impose, he will, little by little, fall to the creation of a type which is not far short of a monstrosity. Although the first of his pictures in this new style are among his finest works we see this inevitable degeneration in Rossetti's latest paintings.

The first pictures of this kind and some of the best are, "Fazio's Mistress," and "Lady Lilith." The former is dated 1863,

but was altered and repainted ten years later, and Rossetti changed its title to "Aurelia." In 1864 he painted the latter which is a modern conception of that first wife of Adam mentioned in the old Talmudic Legend. The Lady Lilith is seated against a background covered with roses. Dressed in white, she holds a mirror in her hand, and combs her long fair hair. Although dated 1864 it was really not finished until 1867. The face as it is now was repainted in 1873 from a different model, and is said to be quite inferior to the former one. Rossetti at that time seemed to be a victim of a mania for repainting his earlier work.

The next great picture, begun in 1864, is "Venus Verticordia," the oil version of which was not finished before 1868. It represents the nude bust of a massively built woman surrounded by roses and honeysuckle. She holds an arrow in her right hand and in the left an apple on which a yellow butter-

fly has alighted. The face is conventionally pretty and lacks character.

"Morning Music," an elaborate little water-colour; "Monna Pomona," a girl holding an apple with roses on her lap and in a basket at her side; "How Sir Galahad, Sir Bors, and Sir Percival received the Holy Grael" (done in his earlier manner); "Roman de la Rose," a water-colour version of the earlier panel, and "The Madness of Ophelia," represent the remaining production of 1864.

There is little to mention in 1865. The most important productions of that year were "The Blue Bower," and "The Merciless Lady." In the "Merciless Lady," a water-colour in the style of his earlier romantic manner, a man sits on a bank of turf between two maidens, with a sunlit meadow behind. He seems attracted by the one on his left who is fair and plays a lute, the other, his lady love, holds his hand and with a sad expression tries to win him back

to her. "A Fight for a Woman," the composition of which is of a very early date, and the oil-painting, "Bella e Buona," but renamed "Il Ramoscello," were also painted in 1865.

After these came "The Beloved," finished in 1866, but worked again in 1873, this time without being spoiled. In writing to the owner of this picture Rossetti said: "I mean it to be like jewels," and he carried out his intention. In the middle of the picture is the fair-haired bride radiant in rich stuffs, her gown is green, with large sleeves embroidered in gold and red. She is surrounded by four dark-haired maidens, on the foreground a little negro, adorned with a head-band and a necklace showing the beautiful invention of Rossetti's taste in decorative art, is holding a golden vase of roses.

Next comes the "Monna Vanna," which represents a lady dressed in a magnificent embroidered robe with large sleeves, hold-

ing a fan of black and yellow plumes. Her luxuriant hair is falling from each side of her face on to her shoulders, a bunch of roses is seen in a vase on the left top corner of the picture.

"The Sibylla Palmifera," and "Monna Vanna," were not completed before 1870. The latter represents a Sibyl sitting underneath a stone canopy, which is carved on one side with a cupid's head wreathed with roses, and on the other with a skull crowned with red poppies. The Sibyl is clad in crimson, her brown hair is parted and falling each side of her face, a green coif spreads from her head over her shoulder and she holds a palm-leaf in her hand. There is a replica of the head of "Sibylla Palmifera." In the same year (1866) he painted in oils a portrait of his mother, and made a large crayon drawing of his sister Christina. He also made two illustrations for her volume of poems, "The Prince's Progress."

In 1867 Rossetti painted in oils "The

Christmas Carol," of which a crayon study exists; "Monna Rosa," and the "Loving Cup." For the water-colour, "The Return of Tibullus to Delia," there are numerous sketches made from Miss Siddal sitting on a couch biting a tress of her hair, which show that the design must have been of a much earlier date. The water-colours, "Aurora," "Tessa la Bionda;" the crayons, "Magdalene," "Peace," "Contemplation," and the crayon replica, "Venus Verticordia," bear the same date.

Unfortunately about this time Rossetti began to have serious trouble with his eyesight, and had probably to reduce his hours of work. All the same in 1868 he painted a portrait of Mrs. Morris, who has kindly lent it to the Tate Gallery, where it can now be seen. Several chalk crayon studies have been done for this portrait. Then he began the picture of "The Daydream," representing Mrs. Morris sitting on the lower branches of a sycamore tree, a replica in water-colour of

PLATE VII.—DANTE'S DREAM

From the oil painting (7 ft. 1 by 10 ft. 6½) now in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool

This picture which is considered by some to be Rossetti's most important work, illustrates the following passage in the Vita Nuova:

> "Then my heart that was so full of love said unto me: 'Is it true that our lady lieth dead'; and it seemed to me that I went to look upon the body wherein that blessed and most noble spirit had had its abiding-place. And so strong was this idle imagining, that it made me behold my lady in death, whose head certain ladies seemed to be covering with a white veil."

This picture, painted in 1871, passed through several hands and was taken back by Rossetti from Mr. Valpy, on account of its large size in exchange for several smaller works. It was eventually bought by the Liverpool corporation.

Rossetti first treated this subject in a little water-colour painted for Miss Heaton in 1856.

"Bocca Baciate," called "Bionda del Balcone"; "The Rose," a water-colour; a crayon drawing, "Aurea Catena," some studies for "La Pia," which was begun about this time, and a water-colour replica of "Venus Verticordia."

Rossetti had now reached his fortieth year and for about a twelvemonth had been suffering from insomnia. This was the cause of the break-up of his health, for to gain relief he acquired the habit of taking chloral, a drug of which the properties were then little known.

VI

During a visit to Penkill the thought of publishing his early poems occurred to him. Towards the end of 1869 he was busy with their preparation. Some of them were in circulation in manuscript in a more or less finished condition and some others were buried with his wife. As a relief from the

strain of painting he began to write again. "The Ballad of Troy Town," part of "Eden Bower," and the "Stream's Secret," were among the new poems. He thought at first to collect as many of the earlier works as he could remember, together with those of which friends had manuscript copies, and to have them set up in type as the foundation of a possible volume. But he was persuaded with difficulty to apply for permission to open the grave of his wife in order to recover the buried manuscript. In 1870 the book, under the title, "Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti," was published by Mr. F. S. Ellis, then in King Street, Covent Garden. Round Rossetti and his buried poems a sort of legend had been growing up which, aided by his fame as a painter, guarded his work against the indifference with which a volume of verses by an unknown poet is bound to be received. The book proved a great success and within a week or two Rossetti found himself in possession of £300.

This success was not achieved without raising some jealousy. Mr. Buchanan, under the pseudonym of "Thomas Maitland" rushed into print with the damning essay that appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for October 1871, under the title "The Fleshly School of Poetry." This attack was repeated by the same writer in a pamphlet. Rossetti in ill health and suffering from nervous fancies, considered that there was a conspiracy against him, a view that, had his health been stronger, he would not perhaps have adopted. The publication of the article aggravated his insomnia. Dr. Gordon Hake offered him his house at Roehampton in order to procure a change for the sufferer, who either by accident or of set purpose had taken the contents of a phial of laudanum, and lay for two days between life and death. Prompt treatment, and his strong constitution helped recovery. He was taken to Scotland where he resumed work on a replica of "Beata Beatrix." Out-of-door exercise, early

hours, and absence of worries, helped a great deal to bring about his partial recovery. In September 1872 he left Scotland and went to Kelmscott where he shared a fine Elizabethan manor house with William Morris.

His work during 1872–1874 consisted mostly in repainting many of his earlier pictures. He worked again on "Lilith," "Beloved," "Monna Vanna," and others. In July 1874 he left Kelmscott and came back to London, never to return to the quiet manor house, which from this time was in possession of Morris alone.

Besides retouching his earlier work during the time of his stay at Kelmscott, Rossetti started a number of new canvases, and made a certain number of studies for use in future work. Among them are: "Rosa Triplex," three heads from the same sitter, Miss May Morris. This drawing is one of four or five versions. A portrait in red chalk on grey-green paper of Mrs. W. J. Stillman, "La Donna de la Fiamma,"

and "Silence," probably studies for pictures never painted, the little head of a lady holding a small branch of rose-leaves called "Rose-leaf." "Mariana," an oil painting, its title taken from a scene of "Measure for Measure," and "A Lady with a Fan," being a portrait of Mrs. Schott, were all prepared about this time. He also started the first studies for his big picture, "Dante's Dream," among them a study from Mrs. Morris for the head of the dead Beatrice, a head of Dante, and studies for the two maidens holding the pall. "Troy Town," after his own ballad, and "The Death of Lady Macbeth," are two designs for pictures never painted. "Pandora" was completed in 1871. "Water Willow," a portrait of Mrs. Morris is specially interesting because the river landscape behind represents Kelmscott. A coloured chalk study for that picture exists, the only difference between the portrait and the study being that the background of the latter represents a river

without the view of Kelmscott. The "Dante's Dream" begun in 1870 was finished towards the end of 1871. It is the largest picture Rossetti ever painted, the subject is that of the early water-colour of 1856, and the picture illustrates the following:

"Then Love spoke thus: 'Now all shall be made clear;
Come and behold our lady where she lies.'

. . . . . .

Then carried me to see my lady dead;
And standing at her head
Her ladies put a veil over her;
And with her was such very humbleness
That she appeared to say, 'I am at peace.'"

In the composition Dante is led by Love to where Beatrice lies dead, and Love bends down to kiss her. On either side of the bier where she lies, two maidens dressed in green are holding a pall covered with May flowers and the floor is strewed with poppies, emblem of death. On each side of the picture there are winding staircases through which one sees the sunny streets of Florence. Love is dressed in flame colour

and birds of the same hue are flying about to suggest that the place is filled with the Spirit of Love.

Proserpine was the next picture Rossetti undertook. It was begun on four canvases. The fourth when finished was sold. Rossetti, who at that time had assistants to help him in making the replicas of his earlier work, painted to satisfy the demand of his patrons, and much controversy raged round this picture. It is impossible to say if it was entirely painted by him, but he owned to it although it was not a good one. The purchaser was dissatisfied so he agreed to take it back. The three unfinished versions were cut down and transformed into heads, one of which, with the adding of some floral accessories, and a slight change in the hands, was called "Blanziflore" or "Snowdrops." One cannot help being a little puzzled by the notion of beginning four canvases of the same picture at the same time, it suggests too much of the commercial spirit.

In 1872 "Veronica Veronese," and the "Bower Meadow," were painted, the former illustrating the following lines, supposed to be a quotation taken from Girolamo Ridolfi's letters which are inscribed on the frame:

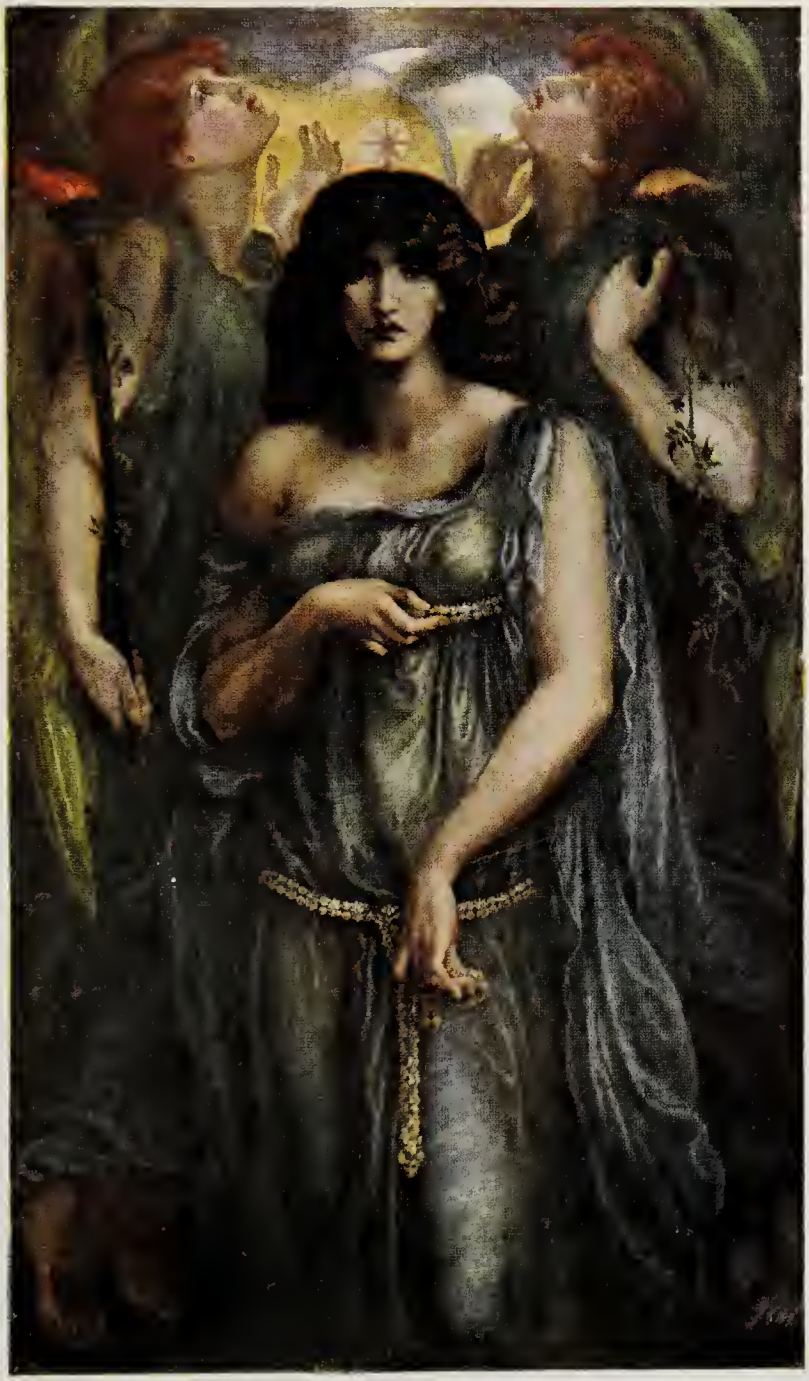
"Se penchant vivement la Véronica jeta les premières notes sur la feuille vierge. Ensuite elle prit l'archet du violon pour réaliser son rêve; mais avant de décrocher l'instrument suspendu, elle resta quelques instants immobile en écoutant l'oiseau inspirateur, pendant que sa main gauche errait sur les cordes cherchant le motif suprême encore éloigné. C'était le mariage des voix de la nature et de l'âme—l'aube d'une création mystique."

The Lady Veronica, dressed in green, is sitting in front of a little table on which is her music manuscript. Behind her on the left-hand top corner is a canary perched on a cage and at her side stands a glass of daffodils. She is leaning forward as if listen-

PLATE VIII.—ASTARTE SYRIACA

From the oil painting (74 in. by 43 in.) now in the Corporation Art Gallery at Manchester

This picture was painted for Mr. Clarence Fry of the firm Elliot and Fry, in 1877 and was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1883.



ing to the bird, plucking with her left hand the strings of a violin hanging on the wall in front of her while she holds the bow in her right hand.

The "Bower Meadow" represents two women playing instruments and two dancing figures, for which he made charming crayon studies. All these figures were painted on an old background study of trees and foliage he had painted in 1850, in his Pre-Raphaelite days when he was working with Holman Hunt.

The next great oil canvas is dated 1873, and is called "The Ghirlandata." To this year belongs "Ligeia Siren," a drawing of a sea-maiden playing on a musical instrument, a preliminary study for "Sea Spell."

"The Damsel of the Sanc Grael" was painted in 1874; it is a second version of that subject strangely showing the psychological change in Rossetti. The primitive simplicity so characteristic of the mediæval legend and also of his early work has dis-

appeared. The austere damsel has become a "pretty" girl, with fair flowing hair, who holds a goblet. The unfinished "Boat of Love" was also begun in 1874. Rossetti came back to London in that year as has already been stated.

The dissolution of the firm Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co. took place at that time and was reconstituted under the sole management of Morris. The dissolution did not take place without a certain amount of friction, caused by the disagreement between Morris and Brown. Rossetti seems to have taken Brown's part, and although Rossetti and Morris did not quarrel, they saw very little of one another from that date. But it is well to remember that Rossetti lived a very secluded life, seeing very few people and labouring under the delusion that a widespread conspiracy existed against him. This was apparently one of the hallucinations resulting from the habitual use of chloral.

The end of 1875 and beginning of 1876 were passed first in a house at Bognor and after at a friend's in Hampshire. The artist was then working on his pictures, "The Blessed Damozel," "The Spirit of the Rainbow," and "Forced Music."

In 1877 serious illness kept him two months in bed, and when better he was taken to a little cottage near Herne Bay. There he was able to resume his work and drew a crayon group of his mother and sister as well as two separate drawings of his sister and one of his mother. To that year belongs the "Astarte Syriaca" (now in the Corporation Art Gallery of Manchester). The Syrian Venus stands against a red sunset sky in which the moon is rising, gazing full face, with large dreamy eyes. On the right and left two angel figures, holding torches, look upwards.

In that year the Grosvenor Gallery was founded and Madox Brown, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones were asked to exhibit. Madox

Brown and Rossetti refused, but Burne-Jones accepted. The exhibition of his work there brought him the enormous popularity he enjoyed. Down to that time the public curiosity which had been roused by the controversies following the forming of the P.R.B. had not been satisfied.

VII

After 1877 Rossetti kept strictly to his house at 16 Cheyne Walk visited only by a few faithful friends.

He began to write again in 1878. By March 1881 he had enough material for a new volume, "Ballads and Sonnets," the MS. of which was offered to and accepted by Messrs. Ellis & White on the same terms as his first book, now out of print after running into a sixth edition. The "Ballads and Sonnets" met with quite as great success as the earlier volume, this time without any

discordant note of criticism. In this year Rossetti sold his great picture of "Dante's Dream" to the Corporation of Liverpool.

The two finished works of 1878 are: "A Vision of Fiametta," and a water-colour called "Bruna Brunelleschi." To that year must be added the unfinished design called "Desdemona's Death Song," various studies for the figure of Desdemona, a design of the entire composition done on a scale about half-life size, as well as a beginning of the picture on canvas, which was not continued. The Faust subject that he intended to paint, "Gretchen, or Risen at Dawn," was not more advanced. As time went on and his health failed his output diminished.

In 1879 Rossetti painted a replica of the "Blessed Damozel" with its predella, changing the background of lovers and substituting two angels' heads. "La Donna de la Fenestra" was also completed in that year.

In 1880 and 1881 Rossetti was working on

three large pictures, "The Day Dream," "The Salutation of Beatrice," and "La Pia," as well as on "Found," the early attempt at a modern subject that he was never able to finish. He painted several replicas, the most important being a smaller version of "Dante's Dream." The "Daydream" begun in 1868 was also completed at this time and the picture has since been given to the South Kensington Museum by its owner Mr. Ionidès. "The Salutation of Beatrice" is quite different from the earlier design of the same name and shows those defects of his later work that we have pointed out; it was not quite finished at the time of his death. "La Pia" is the last picture painted and shows the same faults as the last mentioned.

In September 1881 Rossetti went for a trip in the lake district of Cumberland accompanied by Mr. Hall Caine, but after a month his health grew worse and he returned in haste to London. A few days

later he became so ill that he required very careful nursing. After a partial recovery from this illness he was once more interrupted in his work by an attack of nervous paralysis, which seized him suddenly. This last attack was due to the chloral he had been in the habit of taking for so long and it was then strictly forbidden. The habit of so many years was not to be broken without much discomfort and suffering, but he gradually got better. As soon as he was well enough he was taken to Birchington-on-Sea in February 1882, there he managed to work a little, but was soon attacked by an old disorder, and in his weakened state of health he could not throw it off. He grew weaker and worse. Death came with the 10th of April 1882, and the painter poet is buried in the little churchyard of Birchington.

In the last days of his life, when he could paint no more, he made an attempt to finish the story of "St. Agnes of Intercession" which was begun for the "Germ," he also

completed the ballad of "Jan Van Hunks," and wrote a couple of sonnets for his drawing called the "Question."

Most of the critics who have written on Rossetti deplore the fact that he did not learn to paint, but to artists one of the greatest charms of his pictures (especially the early ones) is the unexpectedness of their composition. We owe that charm in a great measure to the fact that happily he had not been spoiled by the sophisticated teaching of Academic Schools, but had kept the bloom of his poetical inspiration. We must thank the instinct of the young man, which made him avoid a teaching which is bound to be fatal to both realism and romanticism. It may be that he himself deplored the lack of training at certain moments of discouragement in his life, but the kind of training available at the time of his début would not have added much to his achievement. He managed to say what he had to say, and in many cases to say it well. He saved himself the loss of

time necessary to forget certain of the artistic préjugés then in vogue, they would have been very much in his way, even if he had quite succeeded in getting rid of them. The rather amateurish side to Rossetti's art is vastly compensated for by the precious qualities he has been able to preserve.

It is unfortunate that, through his refusal to exhibit, the public has been acquainted first with his later work, which shows the decline of his faculties caused by his ill health. Neither the fresh creations of his early work nor the gorgeous pieces of his middle period are as well known as they deserve to be.

As a young man Rossetti possessed an extraordinary influence over the members of the group round him. Later when his work became less sincere his influence declined and what promised to be at the beginning a great renaissance of the English School has ended with him. Such a disaster is certain to befall the school or the artists

who do not refresh themselves continually by the "communion" with nature. Ruskin says in his Pre-Raphaelitism: "If they adhere to their principles, and paint nature as it is around them, with the help of modern science, with the earnestness of the men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, they will, as I said, found a new and noble school in England. If their sympathies with the early artists lead them into mediævalism or Romanism, they will of course come to nothing." These words were prophetic.

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